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THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The recent suggestion that music should form a part of medical treatment is once more about to be put in practice, in the formation of the "Guild of the Mission of St. Cecilia." All these new healers, it seems, are of the feminine gender, which is, perhaps, the reason why one of the mission's rules is that the music is not to be played in the sick-chamber, but in a room adjoining, since the appearance of such an angelic choir (never to consist of "less than three") might cause a sentimental bachelor to imagine that he was in heaven already. The proviso that the number of the performers should be kept "unknown" to him is more difficult to understand. Is he never to know, if he gets well, to whose bow (and violin) his disease succumbed? Must his lifelong gratitude remain impersonal, or be only expressed in the unsympathetic form of an advertisement in the medical journals? Then the instruments are to be "muted." I have not the remotest idea what this may mean, but it sounds—or, rather, reads—as though the harmonious cure were to be effected solely by the imagination. I remember an organ-grinder who achieved a great popularity some time ago by turning a handle which produced no sound whatever; perhaps his instrument was "muted."

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter;

says the poet, and in most cases he is quite right. Of course, the patient pays the pi—I mean the violinists. They can be summoned at any hour, but it is only reasonable that "between midnight and seven a.m." they should require "double fees." One hopes that no patient—not very ill, but only indisposed—will send for them in order to discourse music to a little party of friends below stairs, as well as for his private benefit, for the same charge. Invitations might be issued of this kind: "As my husband is ill, and intends to have the choir of St. Cecilia from nine to twelve on the 14th inst., perhaps you will look in on that evening: it seems a pity to waste them." It is pleasant to read that the medical profession has shown none of that jealousy often imputed to it to this new species of cure, but only reminds its discoverer that his "pleasing art" can be but subsidiary and have no permanent effect unless hand in hand with medical treatment. A patient must not be asked whether he will have a tonic or a tune, but if he will have a tune when he has taken his tonic. Vested interests must not be lost sight of in the intoxications of harmony.

The recent catastrophe on, or rather in, Mount Vesuvius probably stands at the head of the unusual or sensational ways by which men have lost their lives. There is actually nothing more shocking about it than in similar accidents elsewhere—as, for instance, those which sometimes occur to men in our Black Country. But the falling into a crater of a volcano seventy feet deep, and at the bottom "burning marle," has a strong claim upon the imagination. There is, indeed, one parallel case, that of Empedocles—for Pliny only perished from "the vapours" (a common complaint in old-fashioned times)—but it happened (if it did happen) a very long time ago, and notwithstanding the increased opportunities that are now afforded for ending life in strange ways the ancients beat the modern record. The Emperors Anastasius and Garus were both killed by lightning—a finale which, if it happened to a modern monarch (and far more to two of them), would certainly give occasion for much journalistic enterprise. But in those days it really seems as though great sovereigns, by no means admirable in other respects, went out of their way in the manner of their exits to give their subjects a sensation. Thus Johann, Emperor of Constantinople, in drawing a bow at a bear too strongly, shot the arrow through his own hand, and since the barb had, as usual, been dipped in poison, died in consequence. Tarquinus Priscus was choked by a fish-bone. Charles II. of Navarre, having become paralysed, was sewn up in a sheet dipped in distilled spirits, "in hopes to recover his benumbed joints," and the surgeon, wanting a knife to cut his thread, made use of the flame of a candle, which caused the poor King to perish miserably. Henry I. of Spain was killed by a tile falling from a housetop. Pope Clement VII. died of the fumes from a poisoned torch, and Pope Adrian VI. from swallowing a fly in a glass of spring water.

Among lesser persons, the fate of Heraclius the Ephesian would have been most singular had he not been acting under medical advice; but now that so many people are killed "by the doctor's orders," it excites less surprise. The particular fad of his family physician was mud baths (of a peculiar kind); and having anointed himself all over with this beastliness, and "sitting in the sun," the dogs, "supposing him to be a wild beast," tore him to pieces. Similarly, the poet Anacreon, giving ear to his physician's statement that the juice of raisins would prolong his life, shortened it by swallowing a grape-stone.

In English history, perhaps the most sensational catastrophe in the way of "exit" is that of the outbreak of jail fever at Oxford in 1577, when "there arose such a sudden damp in court" that all present were in danger of being smothered. The gentlemen on the grand jury "died that instant." The Lord Chief Justice and the High Sheriff sickened and died within the week. In all "perished five hundred persons, amongst whom there was neither woman nor child." The means by which the Abbot of Tavistock got the manor of Plumstock into his possession is indirectly connected with this subject, for, though the manner of death was common enough, the device used for evading it (though in vain) was most peculiar. One Child, a rich landowner in Devonshire, was lost on Dartmoor in a deep snow. He killed his horse, and crept under the carcass for warmth, having first written with his blood these words—

He that finds me and brings me to my tomb,
My land of Plumstock shall be his doom.

The monks of Tavistock found him, and took his land under that singular will.

A citizen of the United States claims to have discovered a plan for correcting the vagaries of nature in the weather, so far as rain is concerned. He can, he says, produce rain at any time, has backed his opinion, and before these lines are read will have won or lost his dollars on the event, which is to take place in Ohio. If it is a wet day to start with, one does not quite see how his power over the clouds is to be shown, whereas if it is a fine day, and continues so, he will be ruled out of court: but these little details have no doubt been arranged for. It would, of course, be much better news to hear of a gentleman who could at pleasure produce sunshine; but even the present discovery will have its advantages. A "rain doctor" who could ensure a wet Derby would have his reward with those who have backed the stayers. To those who have a deep-seated antipathy to picnics and dramatic performances in the open air he would be invaluable. Paterfamilias may in a moment of weakness have promised to take "the dear girls," and repented of it ever since; but a pouring wet morning (arranged for in the strictest confidence) would free him from all embarrassment and responsibility. In England, where four days a week are wet, the practice of this new professor ought to be easy, and his charges, of course, less expensive. Bank holidays are mostly wet, and the Fourth of June (as every Etonian knows) always.

The issue of the late trial between dramatic author and manager has given general satisfaction. It is clear, indeed, that if a dramatist has been doing a certain work which has been bespoken for ten weeks he must be paid for it. It has been given to him to do in consequence of his previous reputation, and it is only reasonable to suppose that, for his own sake, he has done his best. His efforts may not meet with approbation from the manager, but that is a matter of taste: it is only the verdict of the public which can decide the question. Moreover, it is possible that the manager may have altered his mind, or circumstances may have altered it for him, between the ordering and the completion of the piece; and it would be easy, if an agreement could be cancelled on such grounds, for him to evade a bargain that had become unwelcome to him for other reasons by simply saying "I don't like this play." The writing for the stage is a hazardous and disappointing business as it is, but had such a principle as this been established it would have become impossible. There is, of course, always something risky in buying a pig in a poke, but a theatrical "bespeak" has hitherto been supposed to be a satisfactory arrangement. In this particular piece there seem to have been some mechanical difficulties, such as the hero making his entrance on a switchback railway, and a king (who weighed fourteen stone) his exit in a water-tank "without a splash." But this is the "business" of the stage carpenter.

There is a great disturbance in medical circles both in Paris and Berlin because certain doctors have been inoculating their patients with cancer, instead of for cancer, in the interests of science. The delinquents contend that these poor creatures would have died in any case, and, besides, that they were only paupers. This is only one step beyond the vivisection of animals, and should be no great matter of surprise, but the "scientific conscience" professes to be shocked. Yet the idea is not new, at all events in fiction. I find this conversation in a novel ten years old: "Useful as these little experiments on animals may be, Doctor, I suppose, if practised on human beings, they would have even a greater significance?" "No doubt, no doubt, Sir. There is so much prejudice, however, abroad—or rather at home, for things in France look much more hopeful—that one despairs of science having fair play. . . . What possible objections save such as occur to folks who have poached eggs for brains can be urged against thus utilising condemned persons for the benefit of the world they are about to leave . . . and also pauper children who are orphans, about whom no stir is likely to be made?" It is curious how often Science, like Nature herself, plagiarises from fiction.

If we are to believe the sanitarians, this world is no longer a place to live in, though admirably adapted for purposes of suicide. It was not, it appears, intended for our existence, but for our extinction. The air we breathe is full of microbes, yet to shut our windows is to invite dissolution; the water we drink is the habitation of poisonous animalculæ, but to drink anything else is fatal. It is shocking to think how in old times our forefathers never gave so much as a thought to these matters till they died—often in extreme old age. Up till now there has been one thing which even the sanitarians have permitted us to do without a word of warning—namely, to go to bed. Like Sancho Panza's physician, they have moved away every savoury dish from our table, and after dinner have snatched the cigarette from our yearning lips, but they have had the decency to leave us at our bedroom doors; they have admitted, however, willingly that there was nothing deleterious in sleep. But they have now discovered that the greatest peril of all lies in going to bed. "Twenty millions of beds are in use in this country, of which ten millions have not been opened for ten years, and have remained wholly unpurified." They have constantly been slept in, and "as soon as vacated they are again ready to do their insidious work." Another person comes and sleeps in them. This terrible reflection has not before occurred to thoughtless humanity. We have expressed the wish to "die in our beds" without the least idea that the wish was father to the fact. It is no wonder that we die there. When the bed is made in the morning, it ought to be ripped up to let the feathers fly about a bit, and in the case of a spring bed the wires should be allowed a similar relaxation. With plenty of servants this plan may be feasible, but where the household is short-handed one fears poor Paterfamilias will often be forbidden to rest his weary limbs, because his bed has not been sewn up yet. Then he will expire of fatigue. If this new theory is sound (and who can doubt it?) and is acted upon, we shall find that our fellow-creatures live or die in proportion to the number of

domestics they can afford to keep. As for the domestics themselves, they will die in their beds.

Great as is the advantage of the absence of shyness, it may be carried too far: people may be too much "at their ease in Zion," and, indeed, everywhere. A curious instance of this happened to a friend of mine on the last Levée day, and one which deserves a very high place indeed in the annals of impudence. He was returning in a hansom from the performance of his duty to his Sovereign, when a young person, looking every inch a gentleman, stopped him in the street with "Would you be so very kind, Sir, as to lend me your Court sword?" "My sword! Good heavens!—what for, Sir?" "To wear at the Levée. I've got my other things all right at home, but they have not sent my sword." "But, my good Sir, I don't know you!" "That is true; but, under the circumstances, I ventured to hope"—"Then you must be of a very sanguine temperament"—which is also my view of the case, even taking the most favourable aspect of it. But what a sublime assurance!—what a total absence of *mauvaise honte* in the gentleman in want of a Court sword!

HOME NEWS.

The German Emperor, on July 13, took leave of the Queen, and, with the German Empress and the suites in attendance, left Windsor Castle at five o'clock, and travelled by special train on the Great Western Railway to Paddington.

The German Emperor arrived at Leith on July 14, and embarked in the Hohenzollern, which steamed up the Firth and passed under the Forth Bridge. The Hohenzollern returned by the South Channel, and then proceeded to Norway. The Lord Mayor has received a letter from the German Ambassador, conveying the Emperor's thanks for his hospitable reception in the City, and his sense of gratitude for the hearty welcome given to him and the Empress during their stay in the Metropolis.

The East Terrace at Windsor Castle was, by the Queen's command, again opened to the public on Sunday afternoon, July 12. The weather was magnificent, and several thousand people assembled upon the promenade and in the garden to listen to the music of the bands of the 2nd Life Guards and Scots Guards, which played opposite her Majesty's apartments.

The Marquis of Salisbury visited the Queen at Windsor Castle on July 14, and afterwards returned to London.

The Empress Eugénie visited the Royal Naval Exhibition on July 14.

At the meeting of the County Council on July 14, the question of the purchase of the undertaking of the London Street Tramways Company was pressed to a division, when eighty-nine members voted, of whom eighty-six were in favour of the purchase. But a two-thirds vote required ninety votes; so the matter remains practically in abeyance.

Hawarden Church was filled in every part on July 12, when a memorial service was held in commemoration of the late Mr. W. H. Gladstone. All the members of the family were present, including Mr. Gladstone, Mrs. Gladstone, and Mrs. W. H. Gladstone. The sermon was preached by the Rev. E. C. Wickham, Head Master of Wellington and brother-in-law of the deceased gentleman.

As we go to press Mr. Spurgeon remains in a critical condition, the latest bulletins recording delirium and great prostration. The wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury and several distinguished clergymen have called upon the reverend gentleman or sent messages of inquiry.

The chief Parliamentary event in a dull week has been the treatment of the Factory Bill in the House of Lords, which rejected by a very large majority Lord Dunraven's amendment for including laundries, except domestic laundries, in the operation of the Bill. Lord Wemyss opposed the amendment, declaring from his own experience that laundrywomen were healthy and happy and laundries dry and sanitary. He had walked over one of them in a perfectly clean pair of boots, which he had used in St. James's Street directly afterwards. Lord Salisbury was opposed to placing laundries under the Bill on the ground that the proposal savoured of fussy philanthropy. However, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ripon, who were the only prelates present, voted with the minority for Lord Dunraven.

Mr. Parnell's last hopes of carrying his countrymen with him have probably disappeared since the Carlow election, when his candidate, Mr. Kettle, was beaten by a majority of 2216, only receiving 1539 votes, including a small number of Conservatives, against 3755 recorded for the Anti-Parnellite, Mr. Hammond. Mr. Hammond's success was largely due to the extremely active part taken by the Catholic clergy in opposition to Mr. Parnell. So marked was this interference that the Parnellites declare that the priests told the voters that the confessional would be used to ascertain the votes, and that support of Mr. Parnell would be regarded as a sin. In spite of his crushing defeat, Mr. Parnell has resolved to continue the struggle, even should it end, as is now anticipated, in the return at the next election of Mr. Parnell and only two or three followers, who would probably sit for Dublin.

The Eton and Harrow match ended in an easy victory for Harrow by seven wickets. Eton suffered from the loss of the services of her captain, Mr. R. C. Norman, in the second innings and from his disablement in the first, and another of her best players was ill, but, on the whole, the all-round form displayed, and especially the batting, was much inferior to that of Harrow. Eton's first innings only brought 125 runs against Harrow's 241, and though her next venture was more successful, Harrow was left in the end with only 72 runs to win, which were obtained without difficulty. The bowling on both sides was fair rather than brilliant, and by far the best batting display for Eton was that of Mr. Brewis, who made 70 in the first innings and 41 in the second. His hitting was, perhaps, hardly so vigorous as that of Mr. Bevington for Harrow, whose 71 was a very dashing innings.

The shooting at Bisley, which opened on July 13, immediately after the Wimbledon review, has been marked by fairly good weather for shooting, and, as a result, by some tall scoring. The chief events have been the Alexandra Competition, with three scores of 66; the match between the officers of the Regulars and the Volunteers—in which, though both sides shot extremely well, the almost phenomenal scoring of the Volunteers brought them out victors by forty-one points; the University match, won by Cambridge by sixty-eight points; and the shooting for the first stages of the Queen's Prize. The final trials for the Queen's, which are at 800 and 900 yards, take place on July 21, the entries being less numerous than last year.

The largest fleet which has assembled in the Downs since the Crimean War is now anchored there, in readiness for the Naval Manœuvres. The twenty ships which compose the Northern Fleet are drawn up within a mile from the shore in three lines, extending from Deal Pier to Walmer Castle.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT THE WIMBLEDON REVIEW: THE LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE MARCHING PAST.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Surely there never was a Minister more entitled to respectful pity than Baron de Worms. The Baron unites the arts of diplomacy with the instincts of philanthropy. Below the gangway opposite there is a fixed impression that, like the barons of fiction, the Colonial Under-Secretary is bold and bad. He is suspected of a wicked desire to keep deserving Zulu princes in confinement for no better motive than to gratify a passion for treading on the fallen but still noble savage. Now, this is not the Baron's idea at all. As he pathetically explained to the House, he thinks that to be treated as prisoner by the British Government is the best possible fate for a Zulu prince. The Radicals wanted to know why two interesting Zulus were not allowed to roam their native wilds, assegai in hand, instead of being held in detention by the minions of the Colonial Office on the interesting island of St. Helena. The Baron was hurt by such obtuseness. He knew that the caged princes were never so happy in their lives. Were they not enjoying the comforts of civilisation? What were the sweets of liberty compared with the joy of living under the vigilant eyes of colonial jailers? Then arose rude laughter below the gangway, and the Baron was pained. "How absurd these fellows are!" he exclaimed in Mr. Goschen's private ear. "And they call themselves philanthropists too! Why, the truest kindness to the wild Zulu is to tame him, to domesticate his habits and wean him from the barbarous traditions of his ancestors, to teach him, above all, that at the Colonial Office there is a benevolent administrator who takes the deepest interest in his welfare. That is my theory, and see how it is received!" The worst of it was that the Baron's refusal to consider the propriety of remitting the sentences on the Zulu prisoners—sentences which he regarded in the light of blessings in disguise—made the Ministerial Whips uneasy. They scented danger in the division lobby, and so at the last moment the much-misunderstood Baron was forced to promise that the Government would take time to reflect. "This is the reward of wisdom combined with genuine charity!" he observed bitterly to the Serjeant. "These Zulus will have to be turned loose again, just when I was in hopes of completing their education. My dear Serjeant, we are ruined by party government."

But all might be well if the member for Peterborough could have his way. Mr. Morton is sincerely anxious to change the conventional method of managing foreign affairs. Why should the Foreign Secretary make a treaty without first consulting Mr. Morton? Nominally, of course, the consultation would embrace both Houses of Parliament, but actually the one person to be persuaded would be the energetic Radical who has taken every department of the State under his vigilant supervision. Manifestly, the Prime Minister ought to have invited Mr. Morton to Hatfield to give excellent counsel to the German Emperor. The sage from below the gangway would have begun by recommending the Kaiser to turn his dominions into a Republic. "Had the Emperor been President of the German Republic," said Mr. Morton to the House, *apropos* of nothing in particular, "we should have given him a warmer welcome." Here the Chairman of Committees interposed with the rather commonplace suggestion that the orator should confine himself to the Foreign Office vote then under consideration in Supply. I was sorry for this interruption, for I was certain that at that moment we were about to be favoured by Mr. Morton with a complete scheme for the regeneration of Europe. This would at least have been novel, whereas the general discussion landed us in nothing more stimulating than the genial optimism of the good Sir James. That admirable Under-Secretary dwells in a paradise where bland assumptions are the highest wisdom. If you can picture an amiable horticulturist serenely watering his flower-beds, tranquilly indifferent to the clamour of the outer world, convinced that the course of human affairs is as undisturbed as his trim little parterres; and if you can conceive this blameless gentleman suddenly shocked by the apparition of a rude small boy on the garden wall, you can form some idea of Sir James Fergusson engaged in controversy with Mr. Labouchere. "You might as well talk to a blind ass!" exclaims the member for Northampton in the middle of one of the good Sir James's neatly turned phrases about the amenability of Turkey to foreign advice. Horror! The rude little boy on the wall has actually thrown a dirty potato at the dignified gentleman with the watering-pot. Sir James is the image of painful astonishment. How can the employment of such language be expected to exercise any persuasive effect on the mind of the Grand Turk? The House immediately has a vision of Sir James quite speechless, endeavouring to convey to a polite Oriental the significance of Mr. Labouchere's remark by means of a pantomime which expresses the stupefaction of a well-bred official.

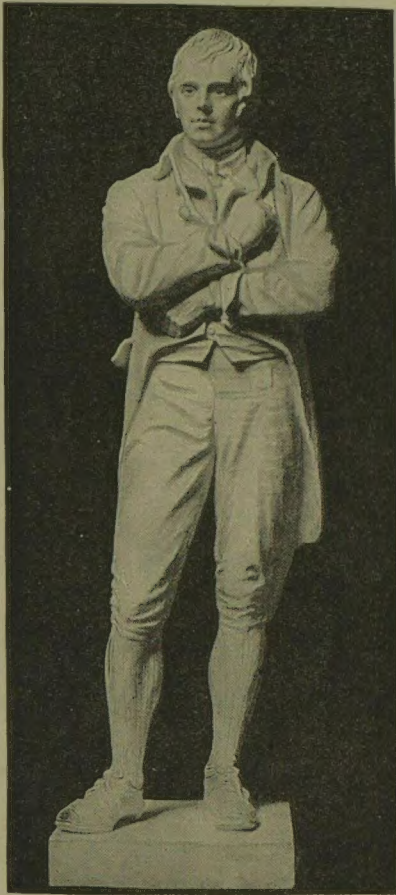
Of course, the Grand Turk is a most reasonable man, if you only approach him properly. Sir William White, our esteemed ambassador at Constantinople, has already informed the Grand Vizier of Mrs. Bishop's views about Armenia. Mrs. Bishop has lived in that country, and recently gave a very animated account of her observation of Turkish government to an assembly of legislators in a committee-room upstairs. The good Sir James has communicated Mrs. Bishop's opinions to the esteemed Sir William, who has transmitted them to the Grand Vizier. So the House has another vision: the polite representative of the Sultan listening sedately to the diplomatist who seriously repeats the statements of a lady. Does the good Sir James suspect that the esteemed Sir William surmises that the affable Pasha is inwardly marvelling at these infidels who pay heed to a tale told by a woman? All I know is that the amiable horticulturist goes on placidly watering his official flowers as if he believed that they would bloom for ever.

But the great fact is that we have at last got into Supply. The exhausted funds of the public service are being recruited, and the general sense of liberality is so strong that Mr. William McArthur is heard offering to sell his shares in the British South Africa Company to Mr. Labouchere. It is only when the House is in Supply that we have these bursts of magnanimity, this flow of soul. So stimulating is the air that Mr. Morton thinks the alcohol supplied to members in the Lobby quite superfluous, and proposes to abolish it. Mr. Cuninghame Graham perceives a connection between this proposition and Eight Hours. Indeed, the electors can have no conception of the penetrating vision of their representatives unless they see them engaged in the exhilarating task of voting the public money and talking about everything under the sun except the matters which are nominally in hand.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

A STATUE OF ROBERT BURNS.

It has been the life-ambition of Mr. G. A. Lawson, he has said, to "do" a statue of Robert Burns, and, as a result of this ambition, there has just been unveiled at Ayr a very fine statue of the great poet. It is in bronze, half life-size, and stands on a granite pedestal. Burns is represented as we know him in Nasmyth's portrait in the Edinburgh National Gallery,



STATUE OF ROBERT BURNS, AT AYR.

and his interesting features have never perhaps been reproduced so effectively. The poet is represented at twenty-seven years of age—the period, in fact, of Mosgiel farm-life.

The bronze statue was cast in the foundry of Mr. George Moore, at Thames Ditton. A miniature replica in bronze, thirty-six inches high, is to be issued by Messrs. W. Doig and Co., fine-art publishers, 175, New Bond Street.

STATUE OF LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

The equestrian statue of the late Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, erected in Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, which was unveiled by the Prince of Wales on July 8, was provided by the Mansion House subscription fund, General Lord Chelmsford being chairman of the committee; the remainder of the fund will provide a simple memorial over Lord Napier's tomb



STATUE OF LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

in St. Paul's Cathedral, a brass tablet in the Church of St. Peter-and-Vincent, in the Tower of London, and a benefaction to the Soldiers' Daughters' Home at Hampstead. The sculptor was the late Sir Edgar Boehm, R.A., this being a replica of the statue by him at Calcutta. It has been cast in bronze by Messrs. Singer and Co., of Frome.

FELIXSTOWE AND THE GERMAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.

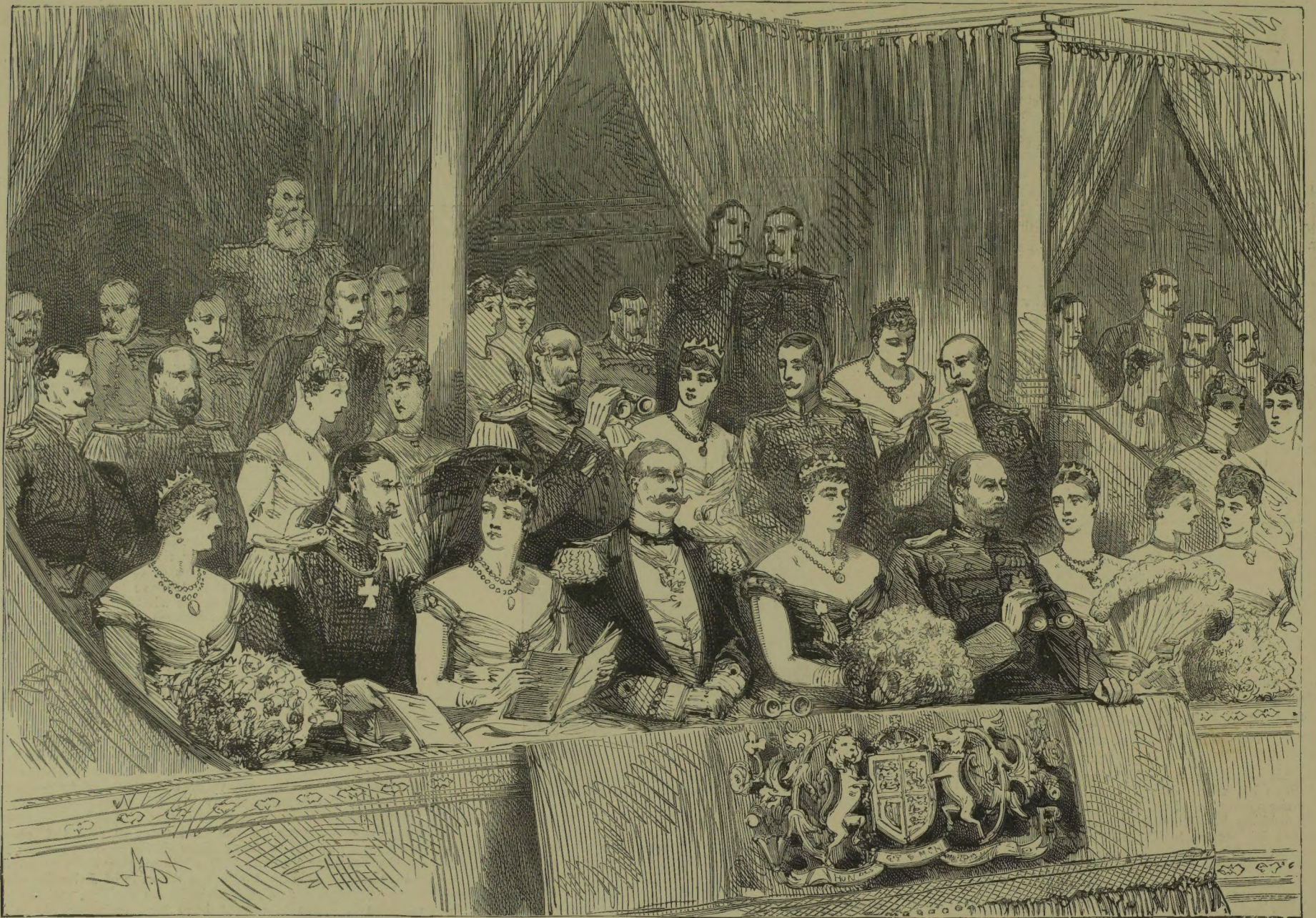
English ladies who are mothers will like to hear that her Majesty the German Empress, escorted by her husband to Liverpool Street Station, late in the afternoon of July 13, between his return from Hatfield and Windsor and his departure for Edinburgh, went by the Great Eastern Railway to join her children on the breezy seacoast of Suffolk. Five little sons, the eldest but nine years old, the youngest not quite three, staying with their tutors, their English governess, and their "director" at Felixstowe, near Ipswich, while their angust parents bore the toil of State pomp at Windsor and in London, must have been often in the Imperial mother's mind. We are glad to know that she found them well and happy. They have been seen, dressed in blue-serge sailor costume, like many of our English boys, and with red caps, playing at football on the lawn with Herr Kessler or Major von Falkenhain, or riding on donkeys, the little ones carefully watched by Miss Atkinson, and enjoying themselves as we like our own children to do. The director of the young Princes' establishment is Herr Ernesti, but the local arrangements for their reception were made under the superintendence of Herr Waldmann, Secretary of the Household. Two large houses known as South Beach and South Cottage were hired. The first stands on the slope of a cliff, within grounds effectively screened by a high fence. The terraces afford a magnificent view of the sea, of Harwich harbour and town, and of the Essex coast to Walton-on-the-Naze.

THE WIMBLEDON REVIEW.

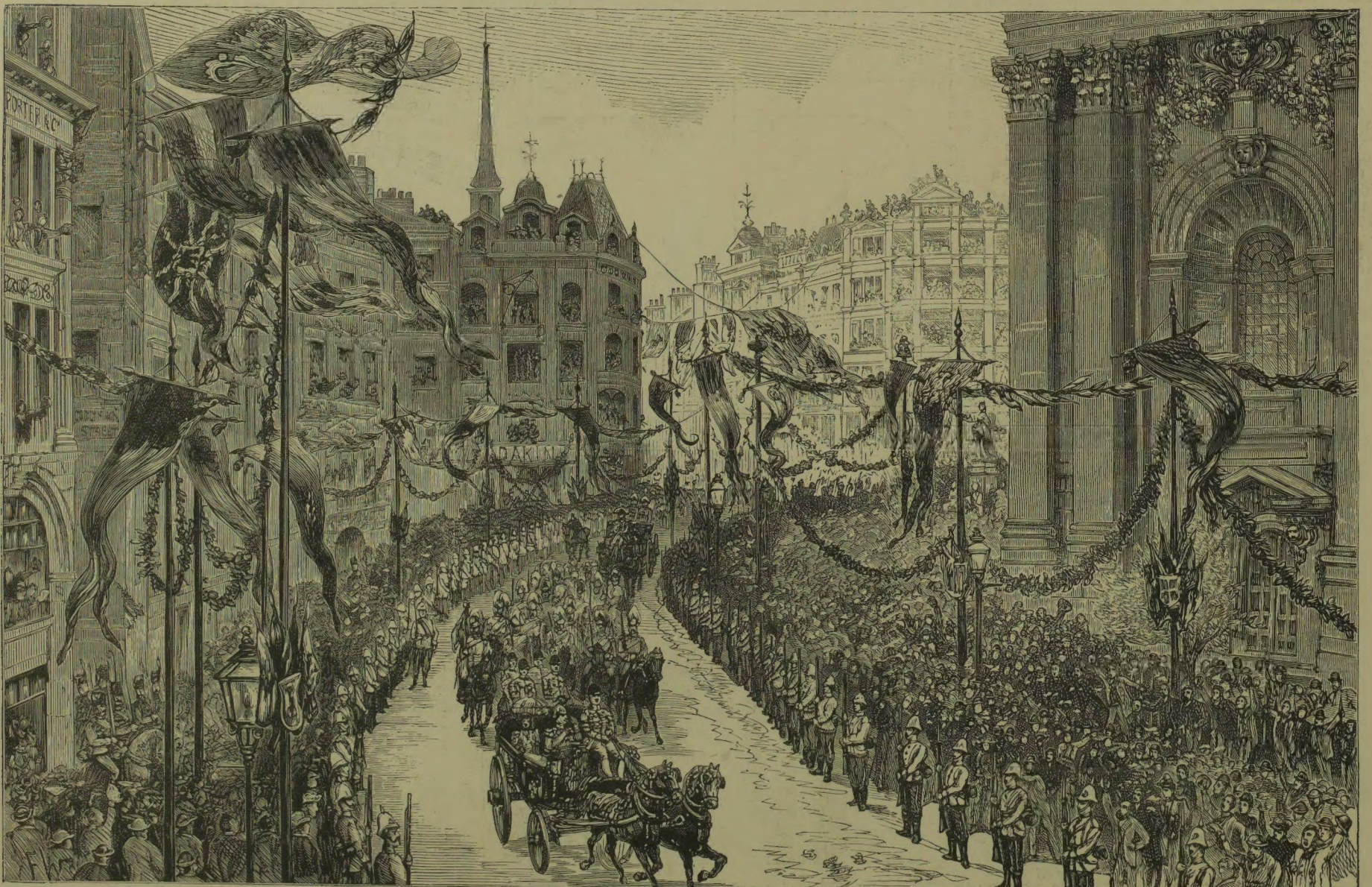
BY CHARLES LOWE.

The duties of formal courtesy are paramount with kings, but there was unmistakable warmth and genuineness in the shake of the hand with which the German Emperor, riding up to the Duke of Cambridge after the review at Wimbledon, congratulated him on the success of the pageant. Nothing could be more interesting than to have from the Emperor's own hand a column of criticism on what he saw at Wimbledon as compared with what he is accustomed to behold at Berlin; but, failing this act of imperial condescension, we may safely assume that his Majesty carried away with him, among other ideas, something like the following impression. In the first place, he must have been struck by the total number of the troops, regular and auxiliary, who paraded before him, which considerably exceeded the aggregate that could ever be mustered for any similar purpose at Berlin, where the army corps of the Guards, on its peace footing, falls short of 20,000 men. But, indeed, it must be remembered—that the Germans have never quite realised—that the United Kingdom can marshal about half as many volunteers, not to speak of regulars, as the whole German Army on its peace establishment. Between the discipline and efficiency of English volunteers and German troops in the field there is still, of course, as there must be, a tremendous difference; but what fell to the Emperor was the task of comparing them on parade, which may be said to invite the drawing of deductions from mere appearances as distinguished from reality; and the conclusions he came to cannot have been unfavourable to the military power, or let us say potentiality, of England. In Berlin the Emperor is accustomed to see the infantry march past first, followed by the cavalry, and then the artillery; but in England this order is just reversed. Then, again, I fancy his Majesty might have something to say about the English marching step, which is considerably shorter than the German one. I do not refer to the stiff prancing goose-step which is *de rigueur* at all parades in Germany, but to the regulation marching step, which is considerably longer than the English one. Here it is a step; in Germany it is a stride. The former looks rather mincing; the latter is more martial, and consequently more effective from the mere pictorial point of view, as would have at once become obvious had the 93rd Highlanders, for example, been allowed to give free swinging play to their long sturdy limbs. And, by the way, the Kaiser was particularly moved by the sight of these mountaineers, who stirred within him memories of his own Scottish descent, whereof the justifiable pride once induced him to appear at a costume entertainment in the garb of Old Gaul, as may still be seen from occasional photographs in the shop-windows of Berlin. The English marching step, may have thought the Emperor, is not so effective to the eye as the German one, but it is easier and less tiring, and, after all, it is only consonant with the genius of the English that they should sacrifice the pictorial to the practical. But what must have struck the Emperor more strongly than anything else was the magnificence of the material which forms the *élite* regiments, both horse and foot, that defiled past him on July 11—material which could certainly not be surpassed by an equal body of men drawn from any army corps in the imperial host, now consisting of twenty corps, and I have seen most of them under conditions similar to those of the Wimbledon parade. The English Guards have nothing whatever to fear from comparison with the Prussian Guards, save in point of the accidental quality of numbers; and this after all, is a remediable defect, if defect it be, in the fighting organisation of a country that has hitherto, at least, proved equal to every military problem with which it has had to cope. And why not accept the past as a guide to the future? might be replied to the English advocates of conscription. At any rate, the sight of these Guards and Line troops who marched past him on Saturday (and perhaps the stalwart policemen who helped to line his route to the Guildhall helped to produce the impression) must have convinced the Emperor that England has still splendid men-material at her command, that all her sons are still anything but degenerate, and that if conscription were the rule with her as it is in Germany she could put into the field a *Volk in Waffen* second to no army on the Continent. Figure to yourselves, you who know what the rural and athletic youth of the Queen's home dominions is, what sort of an army it would be that should consist of half a million of the flower (not the weeds) of British manhood. For be it remembered that in Germany and other countries similarly situated, though every man is liable to serve, it is only the cream of this class who are taken to supply the annual contingent of necessary recruits, and thousands are consequently never drafted to the colours at all. Of the 16,000 volunteers who marched past the Emperor—and very well they did so, all things considered—a large percentage would be exempted by the German army doctors from service with the colours, as being physically unfit for the rigorous duties and the exhaustive toils of a soldier's life. But the Emperor, knowing from which class and from what occupations—with their deteriorating effects on the human physique—many of these citizen-soldiers were drawn, would make all allowances, and pronounce the general impression made upon his mind to be truly surprising. As to the Guards and Line, horse and foot, he is sure to have thought their bearing and their marching faultless.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS IN LONDON.



CONCERT AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL, KENSINGTON.



VISIT TO THE CITY: PASSING THROUGH ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS TO THE CITY: SKETCHES ON THE ROUTE.



AN AMBULANCE INCIDENT: MINISTERING ANGELS.



A SOCIALIST.



A LOYAL TEUTON.



TYPES OF GERMANS IN THE CROWD.



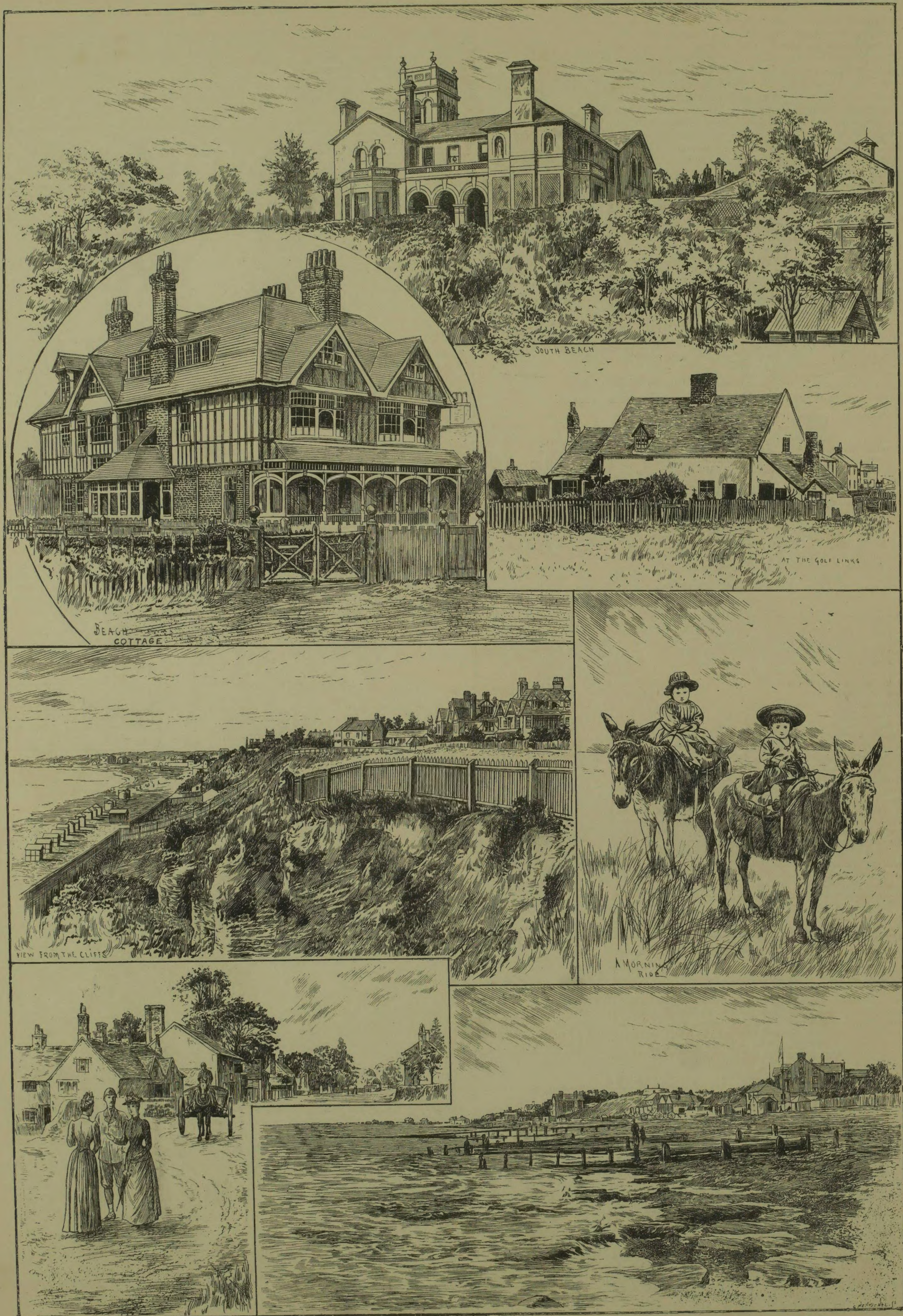
THE PROCESSION IN NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE.



ON THE STEPS OF ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH: EARLY MORNING.



BLIGHTED HOPES.



FELIXSTOWE, SUFFOLK, THE HOLIDAY RESORT OF THE GERMAN EMPRESS AND HER CHILDREN.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The dramatic season is now fairly at an end, and when the Lyceum doors are closed there will be a long holiday at the playhouses until the month of September. Country cousins and casual visitors to the Metropolis in the off-season will no doubt find melodrama in full swing at the Adelphi, where active rehearsals are going on. Drury Lane has an exciting programme in preparation, arranged by that experienced playwright Henry Pettitt; but, as a rule, the theatres of thought are closed and the serious drama is resting. Talking about the Lyceum reminds me that I looked in there the other evening, and I found a crowded and a brilliant house, notwithstanding all the sight-seeing and festivities in connection with the German Emperor outside. It was the first time I had seen Miss Ellen Terry in "Nance Oldfield," and it would never have done to miss this delightful actress in any of her admirable creations. Anyone could see that their favourite was suffering from some voice trouble that worried her, but her high spirits conquered everything. In appearance she looked eighteen at times; in vivacity she was one-and-twenty. "Nance Oldfield" is one of the many versions of the old story in which an actor or actress promises to disillusionise a stage-struck youth or maiden, and it is surely not a very good version of the old and well-worn theme. The motive occurs in "Sullivan," in "Tiridate," in "The Tragedy Queen," in "Doctor Davy," and in "David Garrick." The prize version, so far, is surely the "David Garrick" of Robertson. However, Miss Ellen Terry does her best with a not very satisfactory little play. Her comedy and serious vein are equally felicitous. She imitates a cockney twang, she tries—but fails miserably—to be vulgar. She could not if she tried. She slips from a sofa back on to the yielding cushions, and, as she should be, is the life and soul of the little romance. Moreover, the play is noticeable for the distinct advance of Mr. Gordon Craig as an actor. He has never before done anything so well, and, as a very promising "recruit," has got out of the goose-step. He is beginning to be well set up and smart. But of all things he should avoid, what is so hard to avoid, the imitation of the "master." Already there are traces of Irving in the walk, the attitudes, the intonation, the bearing of this young actor. It cannot be helped; it is almost unavoidable. It is as catching as the measles or an American accent. Mr. George Alexander not so very long ago discovered that the Irving fascination was overmastering him. He broke away from it, and, after a rest, was cured. Such is the effect of generous loyalty. It is the ruin of style and the enemy of nature. It is satisfactory, however, to hear that Mr. Gordon Craig intends to join a country touring party during the autumn. It will do him an immense amount of good. It should not be forgotten what excellent work in "Nance Oldfield" is done by Mr. Wenman and Miss Kate Phillips, who grows more and more like Mrs. Bancroft every day. She ought to play Polly Eccles whenever "Caste" is revived.

"The Corsican Brothers" takes me back many a long year to the days of my early boyhood. How the ghost melody used to haunt us in those early days!—nay it does so still. I closed my eyes at the Lyceum the other evening when the tremolo melody was being played. It was composed, I believe, by Robert Stoepl, who years after conducted at the Lyceum in the Bateman days; and the scene at the old Princess's Theatre came back to me—the old horseshoe-shaped theatre, so infinitely preferable to the hideous structure that succeeded it. I could see Charles Kean leaning against the mantelpiece and watching the clock to see whether Château Renaud would win his wager. I could see Alfred Wigan in the duel tableau wiping his sword; and in the distance there was yet another distinguished Château Renaud in Walter Lacy, who looked the well-bred, insolent Frenchman to the life. What talk there used to be of the fencing of Charles Kean and Alfred Wigan in those days! They were always quoted as Angelo's best pupils. One day I had the good fortune to see them at Angelo's school, which was situated in some street or court out of St. James's Street. I was taken there by a young friend who had just obtained a commission in the Indian Army, and was going through his sword exercise at Angelo's mounted on a wooden horse. At the other end of the room I had the good luck to see Angelo giving a lesson in fencing to Charles Kean and to Alfred Wigan. To see such actors off the boards was pleasure enough, but to see them fence in private was better still. I very much doubt if "The Corsican Brothers" will ever be revived again. In the old days it seemed so rich in interest, but now how thin! At least, I thought so; not so, however, a young companion at my side, who was fascinated and riveted to the scene, and who told me afterwards that the play so affected her nervous system that she could not sleep, but became wider and wider awake even after a surreptitious morphia pill. And, besides that, how argumentative and inquisitive we have all become of later years! How is it that at the end of the play, during the duel to the death, we do not sympathise with the avenging Corsican, but with his victim, Château Renaud? Forty years ago it seemed right that Château Renaud should be killed. It was poetical justice. But now Dei Franchi has the air of a pitiless and brutal murderer. There must have been some improvement in our drama when we can rise from "The Corsican Brothers" and say, "This is not a good play. It is attractive, showy, alluring, but has little backbone in it." In boyhood we thought it a very good play indeed; and now, during his trip across the Atlantic on a holiday visit, Mr. Irving will be able to think deeply about his promised revival of Shakspeare's "Henry VIII.," which ought to be the brightest star of all in his crown as a student-manager.

The season just ended has not been a very remarkable one in production. Managers have felt their way very cautiously, and depended mainly on safe revivals. For managers and authors alike are conscious of a great change in public taste. If I may so express myself, the people who go playgoing want something out of the common, but don't exactly know what they want. The Ibsen shower was heavy while it lasted, but it cleared the atmosphere a bit. It proved that there was a desire for more thought in plays, but it insisted that freedom of thought must not be accompanied by laxity of discipline. There is surely a middle platform between the triviality and commonplace of conventional melodrama and the wild theories of "Ghosts" and "Rosmersholm." To this safe and important platform authors like Henry Arthur Jones and A. W. Pinero are surely climbing. They need not get discouraged because they slip back in attempting to mount. There were several very strong reasons why "Lady Bountiful," clever and admirably written play as it was, should fail to attract. It will be said, Why should "Lady Bountiful" fail and "The Dancing Girl" succeed? Well, that is a question which, for the life of me, I cannot answer. But no matter whether good luck or bad luck attend this or that venture, we have in Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones two competent dramatists, very earnest, very painstaking; and without a doubt, when they hit the right note, many young and clever writers will be ready to join in at the chorus.

PERSONAL.

The death of Mr. James Runciman, at the early age of thirty-eight, is a serious loss to journalism. Mr. Runciman was a



THE LATE MR. JAMES RUNCIMAN.

North-countryman, his father being, we believe, a Northumbrian coast-guardsmen. He was a man of singular power and originality, and of great knowledge on many subjects. One of these was education, for which he had qualified himself by the head mastership of the two large Board-schools at Deptford and New Cross. Another was sport, the worse features of which he denounced with remarkable vigour in a pungent article in the *Contemporary Review*. He had done a good deal of seafaring in his rather wild life, and he described the hardships of the sailor's life with a certain gloomy power which stamped his work no less than its brilliant descriptive qualities. He wrote, however, on nearly everything—the drama, social reform, literature—with a style remarkable for its freedom, its richness of colour, and its buoyant movement. His personality resembled in a sense his literary work. It was a strange compound of energy and moodiness. Fits of melancholy and intervals of asceticism and religious depression alternated with bursts of wild spirits. In all things, however, the genuine kindness of the man's temperament was apparent no less than his genius, which was real, if inadequately used. Mr. Runciman took a very deep personal interest in the mission to North Sea Fishermen, and his briskly written book describing the work was dedicated to the Queen. He had a very fine physique, standing six feet three or four, and no one looking at his magnificent frame could have predicted his early and melancholy end.

The German Emperor was very well pleased with the show made by the Volunteers at the Wimbledon Review, but he could not understand why the men did not go by in the closer formation of double companies. The answer was that they were accustomed to this formation, but had abandoned it. The reason was that it was found to be impossible to maintain the line in the march-past. The Kaiser was greatly struck with the elastic step of the voluntary troops, which, though not quite so regular as the solid tramp of the Highlanders and the Guards, yet gave the citizen corps an appearance of lightness and handiness which none of the regular regiments surpass.

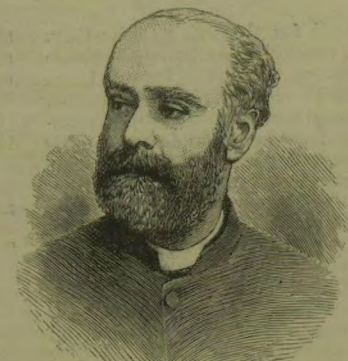
A distinguished Indian officer, whose name is associated with most of our Indian wars and battles of the middle of the century, has just died at Eastbourne in the person of General Sir Charles Cureton, K.C.B. He served in the Punjab campaign of 1848, and took part in the battle of Chillianwallah; had charge of the Intelligence Department in 1858-9 throughout the campaigns in Rohilkund and Oude, and was eleven times mentioned in despatches and published in general orders. His gallantry and success as a cavalry leader were especially conspicuous, and he was the hero of a brilliant engagement at Nagina. He was made a

C.B. some years ago, and his name will be remembered in the last list of birthday honours as the recipient of a K.C.B. Two of his sons, of whom he leaves three, have adopted their father's profession; and his brother, General Edward Burgoyne Cureton, is Colonel of the 3rd Hussars.

The Empress Frederick is expected on Aug. 9 at Posen, where she will inspect the 2nd Hussars, of which she is Chief. The regiment celebrates its one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary on that day.

It is practically settled that Mr. Justin McCarthy will, at the close of the Session and on the release of Mr. John Dillon, be succeeded by that gentleman in the leadership of the Anti-Parnellite Party. Mr. Dillon is a strong opponent of Mr. Parnell, and will carry on the war against his old chief quite as steadily and probably with more vigour than the kindly man of letters whom he supersedes. Mr. Dillon is an extremist in the Irish camp, but he is a man of considerable dignity and standing. He has a moderate fortune, inherited from his father, and has a fine house in Dublin, as well as a small villa by the sea, where he lives with two aunts. Mr. Dillon's manners are reserved and a little cold, and, though he is respected by his party, his leadership will in a measure resemble Mr. Parnell's in the nature of his relations with his followers.

The death of the Dean of Cork—a less famous Dean indeed than the great ecclesiastic who afterwards became Archbishop of York—deprives the Irish Church of an able and popular servant. Dean Madden was born at Mallow in 1831, his family on the mother's side being an old one. He had a distinguished mathematical career at Trinity College, Dublin, and was also an accomplished musician, his musical talent securing him the appointment of Vicar-Choral of Cork Cathedral. He succeeded Dean Daunt—Archbishop Magee having previously been promoted to the see of Peterborough—in 1878, and became a popular and hard-working Dean, preaching thoughtful and scholarly sermons, and interesting himself greatly in physical training for young people. He was a great lover of Irish scenery, and was never weary of recommending it to tourists.



THE LATE DEAN MADDEN.

Miss Anne Mozley, whose death was recorded recently, had claims to literary distinction which her extreme modesty did not allow to be urged in her lifetime. She was long a contributor to the *Saturday Review*, her articles being usually "middles" which appeared with those of Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mr. John Morley, and others not less distinguished. Miss Mozley held her own, and, like Mr. Morley, she reprinted some of her contributions anonymously, the title she chose being "Essays on Social Subjects." She was also a contributor to that brilliant but short-lived review *Bentley's Quarterly*, with which the name of the Premier—then Lord Robert Cecil—was closely associated. There she reviewed George Eliot in an article which Lewes permitted the great novelist to read, and which pleased her so much that she communicated with the writer.

The Queen, says the *World*, is to give Princess Aribert of Anhalt-Dessau an allowance of six hundred a year, and the Duke of Anhalt will allow Prince Aribert fifteen hundred a year. The Princess is to inherit twenty thousand pounds on the death of her parents, and the Prince will come into an estate of about two thousand a year when his father dies. The Duke of Anhalt has given the young couple a house in Berlin, which he has furnished for them, and the Emperor proposes to appoint Prince Aribert to some post which will afford him both employment and an adequate salary. The Prince and Princess are to pass the summer at Dessau, and will not settle at Berlin before the middle of October.

Literature of the lighter kind has lost a representative in Mr. A. C. Ewald, who was attached to the wonderful treasure-house of English history known as the Record Office. Mr. Ewald was a senior clerk at the establishment in Fetter Lane, which he had served since 1860, and he utilised his knowledge by writing a number of entertaining monographs, such as "Stories from State Papers," "Life and Times of Prince Charles Stuart, Count of Albany," "Life and Times of Algernon Sidney," and "Studies Re-Studied. Historical Sketches." It is a pity, perhaps, that



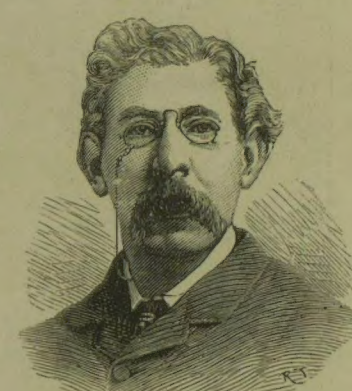
THE LATE MR. A. C. EWALD.

more use is not made of the unexplored material, full of the romance of history, which lies stored in the Record Office.

In addition to the imperial visit to the Opera, referred to elsewhere, Wednesday evening, July 8, was somewhat crowded with social events. Several thousand guests assembled in the charming grounds of the Royal Botanic Society in Regent's Park. The illuminations, especially of the lake, were exceedingly effective, and there was an abundance of music provided by the bands of the 1st Life Guards, the Blues, the Scots Guards, and the Victoria Rifles.

Not less interesting was M. Jan van Beers's *Souper Artistique*, on July 8, to which not a few of the guests came from the Opera and the Botanic Gardens. Among those present were the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Dorchester, Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. H. Furniss, Mr. L. Sambourne, and a large number of other well-known men. Madame Melba sang, and so also did Miss Florence St. John, while Hollman played the violoncello. The supper provided a series of surprises. Live nightingales were turned adrift among the guests, and the artistically arranged plate-glass table was illuminated from below with striking electric effects. Finally, a selection of Mr. Leslie Ward's *Vanity Fair* sketches was reproduced on the ceiling by magic-lantern. Mr. John Aird said a few words on behalf of the guests, and M. van Beers, in reply, expressed a hope that next year he would be able to include the ladies among his visitors.

Old playgoers will be grieved to hear of the death of Mr.



THE LATE MR. ROBERT REECE.

Robert Reece, a writer of numerous burlesques, the most famous of which was, perhaps, "The Forty Thieves." Mr. Reece had in a measure outlived his earlier successes; the "sacred lamp" at the Gaiety was tended by other hands, and of late little was heard of him. His health had been seriously affected, and he had the misfortune to lose the chief part of his property, which was invested in the West Indies. He was a good fellow, and was popular with his friends. He died on July 9, at fifty-three years of age—a rather premature death.

Colonel the Hon. W. H. P. Carrington, Equerry to the Queen, who has been acting in that capacity to the German Emperor during his stay in England, is a younger brother of Lord Carrington. The Colonel, who is a tall, soldierly-looking man of six-and-forty, was formerly in the Guards, and was for some years M.P. for Wycombe. He married, in 1871, Miss Juliet Warden, a very charming American lady. Colonel and Mrs. Carrington have a delightful house at Windsor and an official residence in the House of Lords.

Perhaps the most remarkable genius among the "Lux Mundi" writers is the Rev. J. R. Illingworth, of Longworth, in Berkshire (Longworth, by the way, is, if we are not mistaken, the birthplace of R. D. Blackmore). An American clergyman has been visiting Mr. Illingworth, and gives an interesting picture of his surroundings. "A stone house, very large and very old, vine-clad all over, and in ample grounds enclosed with high stone walls, is at once both rectory and manor. It stands quite apart from the village, where dwell farm hands and their families—a simple folk whose fathers lived here before them, and whose children will keep their place after them, emigrating only to the churchyard. To these, with the families of the few farmers around important enough to wear dress-coats when they go out to dinner, this rare genius ministers." It is a pleasant picture, but the writer somewhat spoils it by saying that last Christmas, when he made his visit, the house could not be warmed. He shivered in his overcoat and in a shawl wrapped round the overcoat, while "my host and hostess and their company played desperately and for dear life the English Christmas games."

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN LONDON.

The sojourn of their Majesties William II. and Victoria Augusta, King and Queen of Prussia, German Emperor and Empress, in London, from Wednesday evening, July 8, to the end of the week, afforded much gratification to all classes of Londoners. Their Majesties arrived from Windsor in the evening, at the Paddington Station, where they were met by the Prince and Princess of Wales, drove to Buckingham Palace, dined there, and attended, at nine o'clock, the performance at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. The interior of the opera-house, exquisitely decorated with festoons of flowers, and filled with an audience dressed to the height of fashion and taste, with many gentlemen wearing splendid uniforms, was really a fine sight. The portico was guarded by the Coldstream Guards, and the steps to the royal box by the Royal Yeomen of the Guard. The Emperor was attired in a scarlet uniform; the Empress wore gold brocade, with diamonds. The Prince and Princess of Wales—his Royal Highness in Hussar uniform—the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Albany, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Anhalt, the Duke of Clarence, and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales accompanied their Majesties. The performance consisted of scenes or acts selected from "Lohengrin," "Roméo et Juliette," "Orféo," and the "Huguenots," by the chief members of the Royal Italian Opera Company, exclusive of French vocalists, who declined to appear on this occasion.

On Thursday morning, after a ride in the Park, the Emperor received in the Throne Room of Buckingham Palace a deputation of German residents in London, headed by Herr von Ernsthausen, introduced by Baron Schröder; a number of officers of the German Reserve Army, sojourning in England; and an address from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, introduced by Sir T. Fowell Buxton, to which his Majesty replied, on the measures recommended for suppressing the slave-trade within the British and German spheres of influence in East Africa. The Emperor afterwards held a formal levée for the reception of all the foreign ambassadors in London. His Majesty then put on simple morning dress, and went, at two o'clock, with the Empress and the Prince and Princess of Wales, to lunch at the house of the Marquis of Londonderry, where many of the nobility and other distinguished persons were invited to meet these illustrious guests. At four o'clock, in fine, pleasant weather, unlike the preceding rainy afternoons at Windsor, the Prince and Princess of Wales held their garden-party at Marlborough House. Her Majesty the Queen came from Windsor, arriving soon after the Emperor and Empress. Nearly all the royal family (except Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with their husbands), and most of the German Princes and Princesses in England, were at the garden-party, with Ministers of State, large numbers of the nobility, foreign ministers, and members of both Houses of Parliament, some bishops, judges, officers, artists, authors, actors, and other persons of note. The bands of the 1st Prussian Dragoon Guards and of the Grenadier Guards played in the garden. The Queen returned to Windsor at seven o'clock. After dining at Buckingham Palace, the Emperor and Empress went to the Royal Albert Hall at Kensington, where they were received by the Duke of Edinburgh, president of the council of that institution. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Clarence were there. His Majesty, wearing the undress uniform of a British admiral, was attended by a brilliant suite, many in the light-blue tunics of Uhlan regiments. The musical performance, by the Queen's command, was made up of Mendelssohn's overture to "Ruy Blas," four scenes from Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend," a song from Handel's "Rodelinda," by Madame Albani, the "Preislied" from "Die Meistersinger," sung by Mr. Lloyd, and songs by Madame Nordica and Madame Bella Cole. Mr. Barnby acted as conductor.

The grand event, for Londoners, was the Emperor's visit to the City on Friday, with the procession of State carriages from Buckingham Palace to Guildhall, through streets kept by the Guards and other soldiery. Before setting forth along this

route, his Majesty, at nine o'clock, reviewed the Queen's Westminster Volunteer Rifle Corps, mustering nearly eight hundred, under Colonel Howard Vincent, in the garden of Buckingham Palace, and at ten o'clock visited the Royal Naval Exhibition at Chelsea. He wore at the Naval Exhibition his British admiral's uniform, and was attended by Admiral Sir J. E. Commerell, V.C., G.C.B., and General Sir John McNeill, G.C.B., with Commander Hasenclever and others of his own staff. He was received at the Exhibition by Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty, Admiral Sir William Dowell, and other members of the council and executive. A guard of honour was formed by seamen of H.M.S. Cambridge and by Royal Marines. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh met his Majesty here. The Empress came somewhat later, having been shopping at Messrs. Maple's, in Tottenham Court Road. They inspected the most interesting parts of the Exhibition, staying till half-past eleven, then returned to

They were heartily cheered all the way through the streets. Arriving at Guildhall, where a guard of the Honourable Artillery Company was stationed, they were greeted with a flourish of trumpets and the music of the National Anthem. Entering, their Majesties were conducted to the Library, and were received by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councillors, all in full robes, and the officials of the Corporation, with a large company of distinguished persons, the Princes and Princesses, the Prime Minister and his colleagues, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and several foreign ambassadors, with many ladies. Having taken their seats, they heard the Town Clerk read the resolution of the Common Council to present an address of welcome to the Emperor. This was read next by the Recorder of the City of London. The gold casket which contained the address was uncovered and presented by the Lord Mayor. The Emperor returned thanks, hoping the Corporation would ever prosper,

he said, under "the glorious and peaceful reign of her Majesty the Queen, my beloved grandmother." After some concluding formalities, the whole company passed into the great old hall, where a luncheon was provided. The Lord Mayor sat with the German Emperor on his right hand, the Princess of Wales next, and the Duke of Anhalt, Princess Christian, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Connaught on the same side; while on his left hand sat the German Empress, the Prince of Wales, the Lady Mayoress, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duchess of Anhalt. After the Queen's health, the Lord Mayor proposed that of the Emperor, saying that England welcomed his Majesty as the grandson of our Queen and of the good Prince Albert, as a worthy successor of the late Emperors Frederick and William I., who founded German unity, and as a Sovereign desirous of preserving the peace of Europe. His Majesty replied, speaking in English, declaring his intention always to maintain the historical friendship between the English and German nations, adding, "My aim is, above all, the maintenance of peace, for peace alone can give the confidence which is necessary to the healthy development of science, of art, and of trade. Only so long as peace reigns are we at liberty to bestow our earnest thoughts upon the great problems the solution of which, in fairness and equity, I consider the most prominent duty of our time. You may, therefore, rest assured that I shall continue to do my best to maintain and constantly to increase the good relations between Germany and the other nations."

The return from the City to the West End was by way of Queen Victoria Street and the Thames Embankment. In the evening the Emperor and the Princess dined with the Duke of Cambridge.

Saturday, the last day of his Majesty's public appearances in the Metropolis and its neighbourhood, was chiefly devoted to the review of the Guards and the London Volunteer Corps at Wimbledon, mustering altogether 22,171, of whom 15,920 were Volunteers and 562 were Militia. This review is separately described. Their Majesties

afterwards went to the Crystal Palace. They witnessed a review of the fire brigades, 1413 firemen and fifty-six engines, from all parts of England, collected by the National Fire Brigades' Union, under command of Captain Shaw and Major Seabroke. They were entertained at dinner in the Crystal Palace by the Prince and Princess of Wales, after which there was a magnificent display of Messrs. Brock's fireworks in the grounds, with the music of four military bands.

The Emperor and Empress on Sunday attended service at St. Paul's Cathedral, lunched with the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House, and left London at five in the afternoon, going to Hatfield, where their Majesties and their Royal Highnesses were the guests of Lord Salisbury, staying the night. Among the company were the French Ambassador, M. Waddington, the Russian, Austrian, and other ambassadors. On Monday his Majesty went on a brief farewell visit to the Queen at Windsor; returned to London, dined with Lady Dudley; and at night, from King's Cross Station, travelled to Edinburgh; next day he embarked at Leith on board the imperial yacht Hohenzollern, for a cruise to the coast of Norway. The Empress went to Felixstowe, on the Suffolk coast, to see her children there.



GARDEN-PARTY GIVEN BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

Buckingham Palace, and prepared for their visit to the City. The route was from the Mall, through Marlborough House Gate, along Pall Mall, by Charing Cross, the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Cheapside. These streets, or the side pavements, were crowded with spectators, likewise all the windows of the houses and shops; eastward of Temple Bar were many effective decorations. The infantry troops keeping the route clear were the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, 1st and 2nd Coldstream Guards, 1st Scots Guards, 1st West Surrey Regiment, 1st Somersetshire, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, 1st South Wales Borderers, 2nd Leinster, and 1st Northumberland Fusiliers; the cavalry were the 1st Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, the 14th Hussars, the 5th Dragoon Guards, and the 19th Hussars. The Prince and Princess of Wales, and most of the other Princes and Princesses of the English royal family, drove to the City shortly before the imperial visitors. Their Majesties the Emperor and Empress, accompanied by the Duke of Portland, Master of the Horse, set forth about one o'clock, with a numerous suite, in nine state carriages. The Emperor wore his white uniform and the helmet of the Prussian Garde du Corps; the Empress a steel-grey dress with pink waistcoat, a bonnet with pink flowers, green crown, and pink aigrette,



She withdrew herself from her mother's arms, and bounded into the middle of the room, and suddenly began to laugh and dance.

THE SCAPEGOAT: A ROMANCE.

BY HALL CAINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE BONDMAN" AND "THE DEEMSTER."

CHAPTER III.

OF THE CHILDHOOD OF NAOMI.

Throughout Tetuan and the country round about, Israel was now an object of contempt. God had declared against him, God had brought him low, God Himself had filled him with confusion. Then why should man show him mercy?

But if he was despised he was still powerful. None dare openly insult him. And, between their fear and their scorn of him, the shifts of the rabble to give vent to their contempt were often ludicrous enough. Thus, they would call their dogs and their asses by his name, and the dogs would be scabbiest in the streets, and the asses the laziest in the markets.

He would be caught in the crush of the traffic at the town gate or at the gate of the Mellah, and while he stood aside to allow a line of pack-mules to pass he would hear a voice from behind him crying huskily, "Accursed old Israel! Get on home to your mother!" Then, turning quickly round, he would find that close at his heels a negro of most innocent countenance was cudgelling his donkey by that title.

He would go past the Saints' Houses in the public ways, and at the sound of his footstep the bleached and eyeless lepers who sat under the white walls crying "Allah! Allah! Allah!" would suddenly change their cry to "Arrah! Arrah! Arrah!" "Go on! Go on! Go on!"

He would walk across the Sok on Fridays, and hear shrieks and peals of laughter, and see grinning faces with gleaming white teeth turned in his direction, and he would know that the story-tellers were mimicking his voice and the jugglers imitating his gestures.

His prosperity counted for nothing against the open brand of God's displeasure. The veriest muckworm in the marketplace spat out at sight of him. Moor and Jew, Arab and Berber—they all despised him!

Nevertheless, the disaster which had befallen his house had not crushed him. It had brought out every fibre of his being, every muscle of his soul. He had quarrelled with God by reason of it, and his quarrel with God had made his quarrel with his fellow-man the fiercer.

There was just one man in the town who found no offence in either form of warfare. The more wicked the one and the more outrageous the other, the better for this person.

It was the Governor of Tetuan. His name was El Arby, but he was known as Benaboo, the son of his father. That father had been none other than the late Sultan. Therefore Benaboo was a brother of Abderrahman, though by another mother, a negro slave. To be a Sultan's brother in Morocco is not to be a Sultan's favourite, but a possible aspirant to his

throne. Nevertheless Benaboo had been made a Kaid, a chief, in the Sultan's army, and eventually a commander-in-chief of his cavalry. In that capacity he had led a raid for arrears of tribute on the Beni Hasan, the Beni Idar, and the Wad Ras. These rebellious tribes inhabit the country near to Tetuan, and hence Benaboo's attention had been first directed to that town. When he had returned from his expedition he offered the Sultan fifteen thousand dollars for the place of its Basha, or Governor, and promised him thirty thousand dollars a year as tribute. The Sultan took his money, and accepted his promise. There was a Basha at Tetuan already, but that was a trifling difficulty. The good man was summoned to the Sultan's presence, accused of appropriating the Sherreefian tributes, stripped of all he had, and cast into prison.

That was how Benaboo had become Governor of Tetuan, and the story of how Israel had become his informal Administrator of Affairs is no less curious. At first Benaboo seemed likely to lose by his dubious transaction. His new function was partly military and partly civil. He was a valiant soldier—the black blood of his slave-mother had counted for so much; but he was a bad administrator—he could neither read nor write nor reckon figures. In this dilemma his natural colleague would have been his Kalipha, his deputy, Ali ben Jillool, but because this man had been the deputy of his predecessor also, he could not trust him. He had two other immediate subordinates, his Commander of Artillery and his Commander of Infantry, but neither of them could spell the letters of his name. Then there was his Taleb Adoul, his public notary, Hosain ben Hashen, styled Haj, because he had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, but he was also Chief Mufti, or head of the Mosque, and the wily Benaboo foresaw the danger of some day coming into collision with the religious sentiment of his people. Finally, there was the Kadi, Mohammed ben Arly, but the judge was an official outside his jurisdiction, and he wanted a man who should be under his hand. That was the combination of circumstances whereby Israel came to Tetuan.

Israel's first years in his strange office had satisfied his master entirely. He had carried the Basha's seal and acted for him in all affairs of money. The revenues had risen to fifty thousand dollars, so that the Basha had twenty thousand to the good. Then Benaboo's ambition began to override itself. He started an oil-mill, and wanted Israel to select a hundred houses owned by rich men, that he might compel each house to take ten alkolas of oil—an extravagant quantity—at seven dollars for each alkola—an exorbitant price. Israel had refused. "It is not just," he had said.

Other expedients for enlarging his revenue Benaboo had

suggested, but Israel had steadfastly resisted all of them. Sometimes the Governor had pretended that he had received an order from the Sultan to impose a gross and wicked tax, but Israel's answer had been the same. "There is no evil in the world but injustice," he had said. "Do justice, and you do all that God can ask or man expect."

For such opposition to the will of the Basha any other person would have been cast into a damp dungeon at night, and chained in the hot sun by day. Israel was still inevitable. So Benaboo merely longed for the dawn of that day whereon he should need him no more.

But since the disaster which had befallen Israel's house everything had undergone a change. It was now Israel himself who suggested dubious means of revenue. There was no device of a crafty brain for turning the very air itself into money—ransoms, promissory notes, and false judgments—but Israel thought of it. Thus he persuaded the Governor to send his small currency to the Jewish shops to be changed into silver dollars at the rate of nine ducats to the dollar, when a dollar was worth ten in currency. And after certain of the shopkeepers, having changed fifty thousand dollars at that rate, fled to the Sultan to complain, Israel advised that their debtors should be called together, their debts purchased, and bonds drawn up and certified for ten times the amounts of them. Thus a few were banished from their homes in fear of imprisonment, many were sorely harassed, and some were entirely ruined.

It was a strange spectacle. He whom the rabble giped at in the public streets held the fate of every man of them in his hand. Their dogs and their asses might bear his name, but their own lives and liberty must answer to it.

Israel looked on at all with an equal mind, neither flinching at his indignities nor glorying in his power. He beheld the wreck of families without remorse, and heard the wail of women and the cry of children without a qualm. Neither did he delight in the sufferings of them that had derided him. His evil impulse was a higher matter—his faith in justice had been broken up. He had been wrong. There was no such thing as justice in the world, and there could, therefore, be no such thing as injustice. There was nothing but the blind swirl of chance, and the wild scramble for life. The man had quarrelled with God.

But Israel's heart was not yet dead. There was one place, where he who bore himself with such austerity towards the world was a man of great tenderness. That place was his own home. What he saw there was enough to stir the fountains of his being—nay, to exhaust them, and to send him abroad as a river that is dry.

In that first hour of his abasement, after he had been confounded before the enemies whom he had expected to confound, Israel had thought of himself, but Ruth's unselfish heart had even then thought only of the babe.

The child was born blind and dumb and deaf. At the feast of life there was no place left for it. So Ruth turned her face from it to the wall, and called on God to take it.

"Take it!" she cried—"take it! Make haste, O God, make haste and take it!"

But the child did not die. It lived and grew strong. Ruth herself suckled it, and as she nourished it in her bosom her heart yearned over it, and she forgot the prayer she had prayed concerning it. So, little by little, her spirit returned to her, and day by day her soul deceived her, and hour by hour an angel out of heaven seemed to come to her side and whisper, "Take heart of hope, O Ruth! God does not afflict willingly. Perhaps the child is not blind, perhaps it is not deaf, perhaps it is not dumb. Who shall yet say? Wait and see!"

And, during the first few months of its life, Ruth could see no difference in her child from the children of other women. Sometimes she would kneel by its cradle and gaze into the flower-cup of its eye, and the eye was blue and beautiful, and there was nothing to say that the little cup was broken, and the little chamber dark. And sometimes she would look at the pretty shell of its ear, and the ear was round and full as a shell on the shore, and nothing told her that the voice of the sea was not heard in it, and that all within was silence.

So Ruth cherished her hope in secret, and whispered her heart and said, "It is well, all is well with the child. She will look upon my face and see it, and listen to my voice and hear it, and her own little tongue will yet speak to me, and make me glad." And then an ineffable serenity would spread over her face and transfigure it.

But when the time was come that a child's eyes, having grown familiar with the light, should look on its little hands, and stare at its little fingers, and clutch at its cradle, and gaze about in a peaceful perplexity at everything, still the eyes of Ruth's child did not open in seeing, but lay idle and empty. And when the time was ripe that a child's ears, having heard from hour to hour the sweet babble of a mother's love, its tongue should begin to give back the words in lisping sounds, the ear of Ruth's child heard nothing, and its tongue was mute.

Then Ruth's spirit sank, but still the angel out of heaven seemed to come to her, and find her a thousand excuses, and say, "Wait, Ruth; only wait, only a little longer."

So Ruth held back her tears, and bent above her babe again, and watched for its smile that should answer to her smile, and listened for the prattle of its little lips. But never a sound as of speech seemed to break the silence between the words that trembled from her own tongue, and never once across her baby's face passed the light of her tearful smile.

It was a pitiful thing to see her wasted pains, and most pitiful of all for the pains she was at to conceal them. Thus, every day at midday she would carry her little one into the patio, and watch if its eyes should blink in the sunshine; but, if Israel chanced to come upon her then, she would drop her head and say, "How sweet the air is to-day, and how pleasant to sit in the sun!"

Thus, too, when a bird was singing from the fig-tree that grew in the court, she would catch up her child and carry it close, and watch if its ears should hear; but if Israel saw her, she would laugh—a little shrill laugh like a cry—and cover her face in confusion.

For a time Israel tried to humour her, seeming not to see what he saw, and pretending not to hear what he heard. But every day his heart bled at sight of her, and one day he could bear up no longer, for his very soul had sickened, and he cried, "Have done, Ruth!—for mercy's sake, have done! The child is a soul in chains, and a spirit in prison. Her eyes are darkness, like the tomb's, and her ears are silence, like the grave's. Never will she smile to her mother's smile, or answer to her father's speech. The first sound she will hear will be the last trump, and the first face she will see will be the face of God."

At that, Ruth flung herself down, and burst into a flood of

tears. The hope that she had cherished was dead. Israel could comfort her no longer. The fountain of his own heart was dry. He drew a long breath, and went away to his bad work at the Kasba.

The child lived and thrived. They had called her Naomi, as they had agreed to do before she was born, though no name she knew of herself, and a mockery it seemed to name her. At

and it was the sound of laughter. With this she lay down to sleep at night, and rose again in the morning. She laughed as she combed her hair, and laughed again as she came dancing out of her chamber at dawn.

She had only one sentinel on the outpost of her spirit, and that was the sense of touch and feeling. With this she seemed to know the day from the night, and when the sun was shining and when the sky was dark. She knew her mother, too, by the touch of her fingers, and her father by the brushing of his beard. She knew the flowers that grew in the fields outside the gate of the town, and she would gather them in her lap, as other children did, and bring them home with her in her hands. She seemed almost to know their colours also, for the flowers which she would twine in her hair were red, and the white were they which she would lay on her bosom. And truly a flower she was of herself, whereto the wind alone could whisper, and only the sun could speak aloud.

Sweet and touching were the efforts she sometimes made to cling to them that were about her. Thus her heart was the heart of a child, and she knew no delight like to that of playing with other children. But her father's house was under a ban: no child of any neighbour in Tetuan was allowed to cross its threshold, and, save for the children whom she met in the fields when she walked there by her mother's hand, no child did she ever meet.

Ruth saw this, and then, for the first time, she became conscious of the isolation in which she had lived since her marriage with Israel. She herself had her husband for companion and comrade, but her little Naomi was doubly and trebly alone—first, alone as a child that is the only child of her parents; again, alone as a child whose parents are cut off from the parents of other children; and yet again, once more, alone as a child that is blind and dumb.

But Israel saw it also, and one day he brought home with him from the Kasba a little black boy with a sweet round face and big innocent white eyes, which might have been the eyes of an angel. The boy's name was Ali, and he was four years old. His father had killed his mother for infidelity and neglect of their child, and, having no one to buy him out of prison, he had that day been executed. Then little Ali had been left alone in the world, and so Israel had taken him.

Ruth welcomed the boy, and adopted him. He had been born a Mohammedan, but she brought him up as a Jew. And for some years thereafter no difference did she make between him and her own child that other eyes could see. They ate together, they walked abroad together, they played together, they slept together, and the little black head of the boy lay with the fair head of the girl on the same white pillow.

Strange and pathetic were the relations between these little exiles of humanity! One knew not whether to laugh or to cry at them. First, on Ali's part, a blank wonderment that when he cried to Naomi "Come!" she did not hear, when he asked "Why?" she did not answer, and when he said "Look!" she did not see, though her blue eyes seemed to gaze full into his face. Then, a sort of amused bewilderment that her little nervous fingers were always touching his arms and his hands, and his neck and his throat. But long before he had come to know that Naomi was not as he was, that Nature had not given her eyes to see as he saw, and ears to hear as he heard, and a tongue to speak as he spoke, Nature herself had overstepped the barriers that divided her from him. He found that Naomi had come to understand him, whatever in his little way he did,

and almost whatever in his little way he said. So he played with her as he would have played with any other playmate, laughing with her, calling to her, and going through his foolish little boyish antics before her. Nevertheless, by some mysterious knowledge of Nature's own teaching, he seemed to realise that it was his duty to take care of her. And when the spirit and the mischief in his little manly heart would prompt him to steal out of the house, and adventure into the streets with Naomi by his side, he would be found in the thick of the throng, perhaps at the heels of the mules and asses, with Naomi's hand locked in his hand, trying to push the great



At the time of the harvest, when Ruth took them out into the fields, Naomi would ride on Ali's back, and snatch at the ears of barley.

four years of age she was a creature of the most delicate beauty. Notwithstanding her Jewish parentage, she was fair as the day and fresh as the dawn. And if her eyes were darkness, there was light within her soul; and if her ears were silence, there was music within her heart. She was brighter than the sun which she could not see, and sweeter than the songs which she could not hear. She was joyous as a bird in its narrow cage, and never did she fret at the bars which bound her. And, like the bird that sings at midnight, her cheery soul sang in its darkness.

Only one sound seemed ever to come from her little lips,

creatures of the crowd from before her, and crying in his brave little treble, "Arrah! Arrah! Arrah!"

As for Naomi, the coming of little black Ali was a wild delight to her. Whatever Ali did, that would she do also. If he ran, she would run; if he sat, she would sit; and meanwhile she would laugh with a heart of glee, though she heard not what he said, and saw not what he did, and knew not what he meant. At the time of the harvest, when Ruth took them out into the fields, Naomi would ride on Ali's back, and snatch at the ears of barley and leap in her seat and laugh; yet nothing would she see of the yellow corn, and nothing would she hear of the song of the reapers, and nothing would she know of the cries of Ali, who shouted to her while he ran, forgetting in his playing that she heard him not. And at night, when Ruth put them to bed in their little chamber, and Ali knelt with his face towards Jerusalem, Naomi would kneel beside him with a reverent air, and all her laughter would be gone. Then, as he prayed his prayer, her little lips would move as if she were praying too, and her little hands would be clasped together, and her little eyes would be upraised.

Pretty and piteous sights! Who could look on them without tears? One thing at least was clear: if the soul of this child was in prison, nevertheless it was alive; and if it was in chains, nevertheless it could not die, but was immortal and unimpaired, and waited only for the hour when it should be linked to other souls, soul to soul in the chains of speech. But the years went on, and Naomi grew in beauty and increased in sweetness, but no angel came down to open the darkened windows of her eyes, and draw aside the heavy curtains of her ears.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE DEATH OF RUTH.

For all her joy and all her prettiness, Naomi was a burden which only love could bear. To think of the girl by day, and to dream of her by night, never to sit by her without pity of her helplessness, and never to leave her without dread of the mischances that might so easily befall, to see for her, to hear for her, to speak for her—truly the tyranny of the burden was terrible. Ruth sank under it. Through seven years she was eyes of the child's eyes, and ears of her ears, and tongue of her tongue. After that her own sight became dim, and her hearing faint. It was almost as if she had spent them on Naomi in the yearning of love and pity. Soon afterwards her bodily strength failed her also, and then she knew that her time had come, and that she was to lay down her burden for ever. But her burden had become dear, and she clung to it. She could not look upon the child and think it, that she, who had spent her strength for her from the first, must leave her now to other love and tending. So she betook herself to an upper room, and gave strict orders to Fatima and Habeebah that Naomi was to be kept from her altogether, that sight of the child's helpless happy face might tempt her soul no more.

And there in her death-chamber Israel sat with her constantly, settling his countenance steadfastly, and coming and going softly. He was more constant than a slave, and more tender than a woman. His love was great, but also he was eating out his big heart with remorse. The root of his trouble was the child. He never talked of her, and neither did Ruth dwell upon her name. Yet they thought of little else while they sat together.

And even if they had been minded to talk of the child, what had they to say of her? They had no memories to recall, no sweet childish sayings, no simple broken speech, no pretty lip—nothing had they to bring back out of any harvest of the past of all the dear delicious wealth that lies stored in the treasure-houses of the hearts of happy parents. That way everything was a waste. Always, as Israel entered her room, Ruth would say, "How is the child?" And always Israel would answer, "She is well." But, if at that moment Naomi's laughter came up to them from the patio, where she played with Ali, they would cover their faces and be silent.

It was a melancholy parting. No one came near them—neither Moor nor Jew, neither rabbi nor elder. The idle women of the Mellah would sometimes stand outside in the street and look up at their house, knowing that the black camel of death was kneeling at their gate. Other company they had none. In such solitude they passed four weeks, and when the time of the end seemed near, Israel himself read aloud the prayer for the dying, the prayer of Shema Yisrael, and Ruth repeated the words of it after him.

Meantime, while Ruth lay in the upper chamber, little Naomi sported and played in the patio with Ali, but she missed her mother constantly. This she made plain by many silent acts of helpless love that knew no way to speak aloud. Thus she would lay flowers on the seats where her mother had used to sit, and, if at night she found them untouched where she had left them, her little face would fall, and her laughter die off her lips; but if they had withered and someone had cast them into the oven, she would laugh again and fetch other flowers from the fields, until the house would be full of the odour of the meadow and the scent of the hill.

And well they knew, who looked upon her then, whom she missed, and what the question was that halted on her tongue; yet how could they answer her? There was no way to do that until she herself knew how to ask.

But this she did on a day near to the end. It was evening, and she was being put to bed by Habeebah, and had just risen from her innocent pantomime of prayer beside Ali, when Israel, coming from Ruth's chamber, entered the children's room. Then, touching with her hand the seat whereon Ruth had used to sit, Naomi lay down her head on the pillow, and then rose and lay down again, and rose yet again and yet again lay down, and then came to where Israel was and stood before him. And at that Israel knew that the soul of his helpless child had asked him, as plainly as words of the tongue can speak, how often she should lie to sleep at night and rise to play in the morning before her mother came to her again.

The tears gushed into his eyes, and he left the children and returned to his wife's chamber.

"Ruth," he cried, "call the child to you, I beseech you!"

"No, no, no!" cried Ruth.

"Let her come to you and touch you and kiss you, and be with you before it is too late," said Israel. "She misses you, and fills the house with flowers for you. It breaks my heart to see her."

"It will break mine also," said Ruth.

But she consented that Naomi should be called, and Fatima was sent to fetch her.

The sun was setting, and through the window which looked out to the west, over the river and the orange-orchards and the palpitating plains beyond, its dying rays came into the room in a bar of golden light. It fell at that instant on Ruth's face, and she was white and wasted. And through the other window of the room, which looked out over the Mellah into the town, and across the market-place to the mosque and to the battery on the hill, there came up from the darkening streets below the shuffle of the feet of a crowd and the sound of many voices. The Jews of Tetuan were trooping back to their own little quarter, that their Moorish masters might lock them into it for the night.

Naomi was already in bed, and Fatima brought her away in her nightdress. She seemed to know where she was to be taken, for she laughed as Fatima held her by the hand, and danced as she was led to her mother's chamber. But when she was come to the door of it, suddenly her laughter ceased, and her little face sobered, as if something in the close abode of pain had troubled the senses that were left to her.

It is, perhaps, the most touching experience of the deaf and blind that no greeting can ever welcome them. When Naomi stood like a little white vision at the threshold of the room, Israel took her hand in silence, and drew her up to the pillar of the bed where her mother rested, and in silence Ruth brought the child to her bosom.

Then a strange thing happened. For a moment Naomi seemed to be perplexed. She touched her mother's fingers, and they were changed, for they had grown thin and long. Then she felt her face, and that was changed also, for it was become withered and cold. And, missing the grasp of the one and the smile of the other, she first turned her little head aside as one that listens closely, and then gently withdrew herself from the arms that held her.

Ruth had watched her with eyes that overflowed, and now she burst into sobs outright.

"The child does not know me!" she cried. "Did I not tell you it would break my heart?"

"Try her again!" said Israel. "Try her again!"

Ruth devoured her tears, and called on Fatima to bring the child back to her side. Then, loosening the necklace that was about her own neck, she bound it about the neck of Naomi, and also the bracelets that were on her wrists she unclasped and clasped them on the wrists of the child. This she did that Naomi might remember the hands that had been kind to her always. But when the child felt the ornaments she seemed only to know, by the quick instinct of a girl, that she was decked out bravely, and giving no thought to Ruth, who waited and watched for the grasp of recognition and the kiss of joy, she withdrew herself again from her mother's arms, and bounded into the middle of the room, and suddenly began to laugh and to dance.

It was an awful thing to look upon in that still hour. The sun's dying light, which had rested on Ruth's wasted face, now glistened and sparkled on the jewels of the child, and glowed on her blind eyes, and gleamed on her fair hair, and reddened her white nightdress, while she danced and laughed to her mother's death. Nothing did the child know of death, any more than Adam himself before Abel was slain, and it was almost as if a devil out of hell had entered into her innocent heart, and possessed it that she might make a mock of the dying of the dearest friend she had known on earth.

It was a weird dream, a terrible nightmare, a consuming horror. On and on she danced, to no measure and no time, and not with a child's uncertain step which breaks down at motion as its tongue breaks down at speech, but wildly and deliriously. The room was darkening fast, but still across the nether end, by the foot of the bed, streamed the dull red bar of sunlight with the little red figure leaping and prancing and laughing in the midst of it.

With an awful cry Ruth fell back on the pillow and turned her eyes to the wall. The black woman dropped her head that she might not see. And Israel covered his face and groaned in his tearless agony, "O Lord God, long hast Thou chastised me with whips, and now I am chastised with scorpions!"

Ruth recovered herself quickly. "Bring her to me again!" she faltered; and once more Fatima brought Naomi back to the bedside. Then, embracing and kissing the child, and seeming to forget in the torment of her trouble that Naomi could not hear her, she cried, "It's your mother, Naomi! your mother, darling, though so sick and changed! Don't you know her, Naomi? Your mother, your own mother, sweet one, your dear mother who loves you so, and must leave you now and see you no more!"

Now, what it was in that wild plea that touched the consciousness of the child at last, only God Himself can say. But first Naomi's cheeks grew pale at the embrace of the arms that held her, and then they reddened, and then her little nervous fingers grasped at Ruth's hands again, and then her little lips trembled, and then, at length, she flung herself along Ruth's bosom and nestled close in her embrace.

Ruth fell back on her pillow now with a cry of joy; the black woman stood and wept by the wall; and Israel, unable to bear up his heart any longer, was melted and unmanned. The sun had gone down, and the room was darkening rapidly, for the twilight in that land is short; the streets were quiet, and the mueddin of the neighbouring minaret was chanting in the silence, "God is great, God is great!"

"After awhile the little one fell asleep at her mother's bosom, and, seeing this, Fatima would have lifted her away and carried her back to her own bed, but Ruth said, "No; leave her, let me have her with me while I may."

"No one shall take her from you," said Israel.

Then she gazed down at the child's face and said, "It is hard to leave her and never once to have heard her voice."

"That is the bitterest cup of all," said Israel.

"I shall not return to her," said Ruth, "but she shall come to me, and then, perhaps—who knows?—perhaps in the resurrection I shall hear it."

Israel made no answer.

Ruth gazed down at the child again, and said, "My helpless darling! Who will care for you when I am gone?"

"Rest, rest, and sleep!" said Israel.

"Ah! yes, I know," said Ruth. "How foolish of me! You are her father, and you love her also. Yet promise me—promise!"

"For love and tending she shall never lack," said Israel.

"And now lie you still, my dearest, lie still and sleep."

She stretched out her hand to him. "Yes, that was what I meant," she said, and smiled. Then a shadow crossed her face in the gloom. "But when I am gone," she said, "will Naomi ever know that her mother who is dead had wronged her?"

"You have never wronged her," said Israel. "Have done, oh, have done!"

"God punished us for our prayer, my husband," said Ruth.

"Peace, peace!" said Israel.

"But God is good," said Ruth, "and surely He will not afflict our child much longer."

"Hush! Hush! You will awaken her," said Israel. "Now lie still and sleep. You are tired also."

She lay quiet for a time, gazing, while the light remained, into the face of the sleeping child, and listening, when the light failed, to her gentle breathing. Then she babbled and crooned over her with a childish joy. "Yes, yes, father is right, and mother must lie quiet—very quiet, and so her little Naomi will sleep long—very long, and wake happy and well in the morning. How bonny she will look! How fresh and rosy!"

She paused a moment. Her laboured breathing came quick and fast. "But shall I be here to see her? Shall I?"

She paused again, and then, as though to banish thought, she began to sing in a low voice that was like a moan. Presently her singing ceased, and she spoke again, but this time in broken whispers.

"How soft and glossy her hair is! I wonder if Fatima will remember to wash it every day. She should twist it around her fingers to keep it in pretty curls. . . . Oh, why did God make my child so beautiful? . . . Dear me, her morning frock wanted stitching at the sleeves; it's a chance if Habeebah has seen to it. Then there's her underclothing. . . . Will she be deaf and blind and dumb always? I wonder if I shall see her when I . . . They say that angels are sent. . . . Yes, yes, that's it; when I am there I will go to God and say, 'O Lord! my little girl whom I have left behind, she is. . . . You would never think, O Lord, how many things may happen to one like her. Let me go—only let me watch over—O Lord, let me be her guardian.'"

Her weakness had conquered her, and she was quiet at last. Israel sat in silence by the pillar of the bed. His heart was surging itself out of his choking breast. The black woman stood somewhere by the wall. After a time Ruth seemed to awake as from sleep. She was in great excitement.

"Israel, Israel," she cried in a voice of joy, "I have seen a vision. It was Naomi. She was no longer deaf and blind and dumb. She was grown to be a woman, but I knew her instantly. Not a woman either, but a young maiden, and so beautiful, so beautiful! Yes, and she could see and hear and speak."

Israel thought Ruth had become delirious, and he tried to soothe her, but her agitation was not to be overcome. "The Lord has seen our tears at last," she cried. "He has put our sin beneath His feet. We are forgiven. It will be well with the child yet."

Israel did not try to gainsay her, and at sight and sound of her joy, seeing it so beautiful, yet thinking it so vain, he could not help at last but weep. Presently she became quiet again, and then again, after a little while, she woke as from a sleep.

"I am ready now," she said in a whisper, "quite ready, sweet Heaven, quite, quite ready now."

Then with her one free hand she felt in the darkness for Israel, where he sat beside her, and touching his forehead she smoothed it, and said very softly, "Farewell, my husband!"

And Israel answered her, "Farewell!"

"Good-night!" she whispered.

And Israel drew down her hand from his forehead to his lips and sobbed and said, "Good-night, beloved!"

Then she put her white lips to the child's blind eyes, and at that moment the spirit of the Lord came to her, and the Lord took her, and she died.

When lamps had been brought into the room, and Fatima saw that the end was come, she would have lifted Naomi from Ruth's bosom, but the child awoke as she was being moved, and clasped her little fingers about the dead mother's neck, and covered the mouth with kisses. And when she felt that the lips did not answer to her lips, and that the arms which had held her did not hold her any longer, but fell away useless, she clung the closer, and bright tears started to her eyes.

And Israel groaned in his spirit, and said, "O heavy hour! O vain hope in death! Dost thou not see her now, O Ruth, and where thou art canst thou not wipe away the tears of thy child, and whisper tidings to her soul how she shall meet thee yet again?"

(To be continued.)

EYES TO THE BLIND.

It is wellnigh impossible for us, the possessors of the priceless blessing of sight, to estimate very correctly what the loss of it really means; to realise to the full the darkness, the helplessness, the dependence on others; the withdrawal of that which, beyond almost everything, makes life enjoyable and worth living. More, however, is being done in the present day to cheer those who suffer under this affliction than was thought necessary in past years, and we desire particularly to draw the attention of our readers to the most praiseworthy effort in this direction that has come under our notice. Two years ago, three young ladies, having perceived the want of suitable high-class literature for the blind, determined to strike out in a new direction, and produce in Braille type a periodical, which should, as far as possible, resemble the best of the numerous monthly magazines which those who can read enjoy in such abundance. With this end in view, they started, and still continue to publish, a magazine entitled *Santa Lucia*, which consists of fifty-two pages imperial quarto, and appears regularly on the 7th of every month. To this work they devote their whole time and energies, collecting and arranging material for contents, embossing, printing, and publishing, entirely alone, and to their honour, it may be added, conducting an enterprise of this description—we believe for the first time on record—in such a manner that it just pays its way without being subsidised from without. Its pages contain always a good serial story, biography, good essays and poems, by the best writers, and much general information. Religion and politics are studiously avoided, as being likely to give rise to controversy and discussion. The exceeding kindness of numerous authors and publishers has enabled the editors of this magazine to supply their subscribers with a class of literature which is much appreciated by the educated and intelligent.

The price of *Santa Lucia* is two shillings a month, and the editors are very glad to receive subscriptions on behalf of the many who would thankfully take it but find it beyond their means. Surely the thought of the exceeding pleasure which the blind derive from everything they can read for themselves should stir up in some of us who are more fortunate, and to whose hands lie ready innumerable books, reviews, and newspapers, a practical desire to lighten their darkness and to supply them, even in a small measure, with what we ourselves enjoy so liberally. The magazine may be obtained from the editors of *Santa Lucia*, Childwall, Richmond-on-Thames.

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THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT TO THE CITY OF LONDON.



THE PROCESSION IN CHEAPSIDE.

LITERATURE.

KEATS'S LETTERS.

BY R. GARNETT, LL.D.

The letters of the poets who are beloved as well as admired occupy nearly the same relation to their works as Shakespeare's sonnets hold towards his dramas. They form an appendix deriving its chief value from the work it illustrates, so precious, nevertheless, that one is sometimes tempted to think that, were the sacrifice necessary, one could resolve to spare even a considerable part of the text for the sake of the comment. This is especially true of Keats's letters,* which are even more identified with the poet and his poetry than is often the case even with the sincerest of authors and correspondents. Few books, perhaps, have exercised a deeper influence on young men of poetic sensibility than the two inestimable volumes of Keats's letters and literary remains which Lord Houghton gave to the world in 1848. Admirable, nevertheless, as this work was in all essentials, it has become increasingly apparent of late years in how many respects it fell short of the ideal of editorial duty. Some of the most important letters, those written to Keats's brother and sister in America, reached Lord Houghton in a mutilated form, and there were other alterations and omissions, not altogether easy to understand. The invincible diligence of Mr. Buxton Forman, with the assistance of Mr. Speed's American edition, has since filled up all the voids, and has enriched the collection with much entirely new correspondence, especially the long series of letters from Keats to his sister Fanny. Still, something remained to be done. The letters, as edited by Lord Houghton, form an appendage to a biography, and, viewed as an edition of the correspondence, are incomplete and incorrect. They therefore give the mere student of the letters what he does not require, and fail to supply him adequately with what he does. Mr. Forman's publication is part of Keats's collected works, and, much of the correspondence having only come to hand after the publication of his edition, it was necessary to include this portion in a supplementary volume, requiring constant reference to the original set to ascertain where the new matter comes in. Mr. Colvin has solved all difficulties by reproducing everything, with one important and deliberate exception, in a delightfully neat and handy volume, printed with the taste and elegance characteristic of Messrs. Macmillan's publications. Taken in conjunction with Mr. Colvin's masterly memoir of the poet in the "Men of Letters" series, this volume will afford the student of Keats's poetry all absolutely needful help for estimating him as a man. If, however, he adds, as he ought, Lord Houghton's biography, he will soon discover how great has been the gain of a fuller and more accurate publication of the letters. We find from the new matter, for example, that Keats's unfortunate friend Ritchie, the African traveller, had a copy of "Endymion" with him at Tripoli, "among camels, turbans, palm-trees, and sands." What a subject for a poem! Endymion in Africa, the land of the Mountains of the Moon!

Mr. Colvin's introduction is marked by the invariable elegance and refinement of his critical work. Nothing, for instance, could be more just or felicitous than his description of "these close-written quarto (or sometimes extra folio) sheets, in which the young poet has poured out to those he loved his whole self indiscriminately, generosity and fretfulness, ardour and despondency, boyish petulance side by side with manful good sense, the tattle of suburban parlours with the speculations of a spirit unsurpassed for native poetic gift and insight."

We wish that the only important shortcoming in this volume could be fairly made a subject of complaint against the editor, but fear that the absence of illustrative notes must be attributed to the lapse from health which has so long delayed the publication of the book. An ambitious commentary would have been a mistake, but such a slight appendix of notes as accompanies Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" would have been no wise superfluous. Keats, for instance, bantering his clerical friend Bailey on his professional style of courtship, says, "They walked in no grove but Jeremy Taylor's." This allusion to Taylor's "Golden Grove" certainly requires a *Ductor Dubitantium*. We hope one will be forthcoming in the next edition. Another omission will be criticised—that of the letters to Fanny Brawne. To us Mr. Colvin seems right—not so much in the plea that these letters are painful as addressed to a "careless and unresponsive" object of attachment—for on this point the last word may not have been spoken—but because, as he says, "they are in a different key from the rest." They stand apart; whatever their psychological interest, we do not want them here. We only wish it had been made perfectly clear that the omission is not because they are regarded as in the slightest degree lowering to Keats's character; a declaration, indeed, which would have seemed unnecessary but for the offensive treatment which they have on various occasions received from reviewers of the pachydermatous type, entirely unsympathetic with the sufferings of an exquisitely sensitive young poet dying, not indeed of love, but in spite of it. An even greater poet, and a much greater letter-writer, has, we venture to think, received less than justice from Mr. Colvin himself, whose recollection of Shelley's letters must surely have become dim when he could write, "In his correspondence he is little more than any other amiable and enthusiastic gentleman and scholar on his travels." Indeed! We open Shelley's letters at random, and read—

The English burying-place is a green slope near the walls, under the pyramidal tomb of Cestus, and is, I think, the most beautiful and solemn cemetery I ever beheld. To see the sun shining on its bright grass, fresh, when we visited it, with the autumnal dews, and hear the whispering of the wind among the leaves of the trees which have overgrown the tomb of Cestus, and the soil which is stirring in the sun-warm earth, and to mark the tombs, mostly of women and young people, who were buried there, one might, if one were to die, desire the sleep they seemed to sleep. Such is the human mind, and so it peoples with its wishes vacancy and oblivion.

Is this the ordinary style of "amiable and enthusiastic gentlemen and scholars" abroad or at home? Keats never approached the emotion or the rhythm of this and countless passages of equal beauty in the letters of his great contemporary, poet in prose as he undoubtedly was.

* Letters of John Keats to His Family and Friends. Edited by Sidney Colvin. Macmillan and Co.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

In Mr. Harold Frederic's "Young Emperor," which has already been reviewed in our columns, there is a very pleasant account of William II. as a boy. The Crown



THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II. IN HIS BOYHOOD.

Prince Frederick's diary, written while the German headquarters were at Versailles, gives the following entry—

This is William's thirteenth birthday. May he grow up to be an able, honest, and upright man, a true German, prepared to continue without prejudice what has now been begun! Heaven be praised!—between him and us there is a simple, hearty, and natural relationship which we shall strive to preserve, so that he may thus always look upon us as his best and truest friends. It is really an oppressive reflection, when one realises what hopes have already been placed on the head of this child, and how great is our responsibility to the nation for his education, which family considerations and questions of rank, and the whole Court life at Berlin, and other things will tend to make so much more difficult.

But perhaps to Englishmen the most interesting glimpse of the Emperor's boyhood is to be found in Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers," written just after the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, in March 1863, and some years before the above—

Around the bride sailed a bevy of young creatures, so fair, white, and graceful that I thought of those fairy-tale beauties who are sometimes princesses and sometimes white swans. The Royal Princesses and the Royal Knights of the Garter swept by in prodigious robes and trains of purple velvet . . . and by the side of the Princess Royal trotted such a little wee solemn Highlander! He is the young heir and chief of the famous clan of Brandenburg. His cry is among the eagles, and I pray no harm may befall the dear little Chieftain.

Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill, of Pembroke College, Oxford, the last, and in some respects the ablest, editor of "Boswell's Life of Johnson," is now to understand the text "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." His edition of our greatest biography was, on its first appearance, three or four years ago, received with a chorus of praise. Its six fine octavo volumes—"six volumes of solid happiness," as one enthusiastic reviewer said—were issued with all the typographical art of the Clarendon Press. They were enriched with editorial notes

and comments, which showed very wide reading, and were the delight of all true Boswellians. Finally, Dr. Hill, like Carlyle, was not too proud to be his own index-maker, and so this last edition of "Boswell" has an analytical index of the most accurate and elaborate kind. It took the editor many months of labour, it occupies more than half the sixth volume, and for completeness it has no rival since the index made by another book-lover, Dr. Hill Burton, to the standard edition of Bentham's works. In short, Dr. Hill's "Boswell" was seen to be a work of sound learning—a labour of love.

So all the world seemed pleased. But at length there has been heard one voice which refuses to join in the general praise. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald "editor [as he styles himself] of 'Boswell's Johnson,'" and, as some may know, author or compiler of many other works, has written a thick quarto pamphlet which he calls "Editing à la Mode: an Examination of Dr. Birkbeck Hill's New Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson" (Ward and Downey). Mr. Fitzgerald points out some little slips, such as must occur in any literary work of this magnitude; but his chief complaint seems, in substance, that Dr. Hill has not edited "Boswell" in the way that Mr. Fitzgerald has done. The notes are held to be too frequent and too voluminous. No doubt they are for anyone who reads "Boswell" for the first time. He can skip them, or he can use Napier's excellent edition, which, for this purpose, is better than Mr. Fitzgerald's. Then, when the second reading of "Boswell" begins, and it often does, then is the time for Dr. Hill's edition. No man who has come to love Boswell's work will think it could ever be too long; and the "many curious and interesting matters," as even Mr. Fitzgerald admits them to be, in these editorial notes will add vastly to the value of the book. We are afraid that Dr. Hill's edition has made it hard for others to survive, but it has given earlier editors a chance to show that magnanimity which Johnson himself would have been the first to value.

It may, however, be conceded to Mr. Fitzgerald that years hence a better edition of "Boswell" may be forthcoming than that even by Dr. Hill—an edition in which we shall have none of the individuality of the editor, in which enthusiasm and learning will be tempered by a greater knowledge of life, and into which a certain robustness may enter which pertaineth not to the Clarendon Press edition. We do not care for information about Dr. Birkbeck Hill's ancestor, the nursery gardener, nor to be reminded that the editor has written a Life of the founder of penny postage; and how can we rejoice at cheap moralisings over the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Thrale visited the Rooms at Bath a month after their only son was dead! But, when all this is said, one is still glad to possess Dr. Hill's book, and is sceptical as to its being superseded for many a day.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS TO HAND.—"History of the People of Israel," Third Division, by Ernest Renan (Chapman and Hall); "Theodoric the Goth," by Thomas Hodgkin, *Heroes of the Nations Series* (Putnam); "La Vieille France: Bretagne," by A. Robida (Paris: La Librairie Illustrée, 8, Rue Saint-Joseph); "The Little Manx Nation," by Hall Caine (W. Heinemann); "Buried in the Breakers; or, Paul Crew's Story," by Mrs. Comyns Carr (David Stott); "A Romance of the Moors," by Mona Caird (J. W. Arrowsmith); "Buckinghamshire Sketches," by E. S. Roscoe, with illustrations by H. R. Bloomer (Cassells); "Walks in Epping Forest," by Percy Lindley, new edition (123, Fleet Street); "Walks in Holland," by Percy Lindley (123, Fleet Street); "Walks in the Ardennes," by Percy Lindley (123, Fleet Street); "Rosmer of Rosmersholm." A drama suggested by Henrik Ibsen's "Rosmersholm" (Swan Sonnenschein).—K.

QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA.

Royal family affairs at Bucharest have recently, in European polite society, aroused sentiments of gentle amusement and romantic sympathy at the very human incident of Crown Prince Ferdinand's honourable attachment to a young Roumanian lady, a favourite of the Queen his mother. With all our cordial interest, on political grounds, in the stability of the promising constitutional monarchy created there as a valid bulwark of the independence of the Balkan Christian States, many of us would think it hard to compel the young Prince either to renounce his succession to the throne or to abandon the personal affection of which Mdle. Vacaresco is esteemed quite worthy by her virtues and her womanly charms. But we have a Royal Marriage Act in England also; and only those who are near can, it may be, accurately judge the situation. What more especially invites our notice is the attitude of his mother, the amiable and accomplished lady of high German birth, Princess Elizabeth of Wied, Queen of that new Eastern kingdom, who has more than once visited our own country, and whose literary and artistic talents, as "Carmen Sylva," are recognised all over Europe. We cannot think less kindly of her Majesty for the frank and brave support that she has given to her eldest son's persistence in maintaining his betrothal, and to which, it is reported, she has won the King's assent. These circumstances greatly enhance the present interest of a volume lately published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, entitled "Elizabeth of Roumania," a biographical study, with translations from the German of two tales written by the accomplished Queen, some of whose poems have already been communicated to English readers. The name of Blanche Roosevelt, the authoress of the memoir and translator of the stories is not unknown either in America or in England, France, and Italy. She enjoys the private friendship of Queen Elizabeth, has been in Roumania, knows its language and literature and the manners of its people, and is a candid as well as competent critic of the writings of her royal acquaintance. It is opportune just now to remark that her Majesty's acquirements in that language, which is not at all Slavonic but of almost purely Latin origin, and her researches of the Roumanian native poetry, legends, and folklore owe much to the assistance of Mdle. Vacaresco, herself a gifted poetess, editor of the Queen's last work in German verse, "Tales of the Dumbovitza," a work that Professor Max Müller has very strongly commended. One of the illustrations adorning this volume is from a photograph of last year, with an authentic signature, representing "Carmen Sylva" and Hélène Vacaresco embracing each other with friendly and feminine affection.



"CARMEN SYLVA" (QUEEN OF ROUMANIA) AND HÉLÈNE VACARESCO.
From an illustration in the volume "Elizabeth of Roumania," by Blanche Roosevelt.

A COUNTRY COUSIN IN LONDON.

III.—THE LONDON BOY.

The most repulsive subject that English people discuss is the subject of education. There is nothing to compare with it for the amount of nonsense which they talk about it; none that seems to bring out such inconsequential theories; none that tempts men to dogmatise so idiotically. The very smallest part of a human being's education is that which is carried on at school, and yet, from "my lords" downwards, we English folk seem to have no other notion than that the moment a lad passes out from the school for the last time his education is complete. It is much nearer the truth to say that not till then does the real education of life begin. The opportunities, the facilities, the means and appliances for building up the average London boy into a manly, rational creature are truly wonderful. There was a time, not so long ago, when the street-boy was a standing nuisance because he had nothing to do. Look at him now! Standing at the door of a certain hotel not a thousand miles from the Strand, I have seen a string of four or five telegraph boys file past me more than once or twice—coming from I know not whence and going I know not whither—scrupulously neat and clean in their dress, upright as darts, steady as old horses, lithe and quick as antelopes, and, withal, joyous as kittens at play. I have seen them hurrying by, talking as fast as their tongues could move, never a sign or sound that was boisterous or unmannerly. Watch the little shoeblacks with their brushes and their blacking. See the concentration of thought, the fixity of purpose which they display, the determination to get the highest possible polish on that damp boot, the critical look at your trousers as they turn them up, the satisfaction they feel in the completeness of their last effort, and then the briskness of their movements as they spring upon the next customer! You may come upon a little gathering of them sometimes in the dull time of the day, sprawling, and discussing the last murder. Next moment they are all alert and wide-awake, all offering themselves; never disputing if you select one of them, whichever it may be. I am sorry to notice that they have given up whistling, to a great extent. Life has begun for them, and whistling seems to be considered inconsistent with serious employment. Happily, however, they have not given up singing, and the style of music and song is a huge improvement upon the melodies and the subject-matter of the lyrics we used to hear when I was a lad. One evening this spring I found myself at a station of the Underground Railway when no train was due for twenty minutes. There were two boys at the bookstall; they were in the best possible spirits; one began to sing a song, the other at once broke in with singing as true and distinct a second as any choir-master could desire to listen to; and next moment, from the other side of the line, a third boy, whose voice was not yet broken, growled out an attempt at a bass. He broke down hopelessly, and the laughter of all the three boys at the failure was so fresh and gay and hearty that I wished I could be a boy again, or that I had had such a chance as these youngsters had in their day. I do not think it is possible to over-estimate the prodigious improvement that has been effected upon Young London by the now general employment of young boys in the various occupations which, a generation back, it was assumed could only be safely entrusted to adults. When the present librarian of the Bodleian entered upon his office, one of the earliest of his reforms was largely to increase the staff of assistants by introducing boys into the library. I believe the experiment has proved a complete success, and I doubt not it will be followed elsewhere by-and-by. You may talk as you please about night-schools and lectures and classes. What are these mechanical contrivances for turning boys into bookworms and prigs in comparison with the discipline of the streets, carried on every hour of the day, under a sense of responsibility and with the consciousness of belonging to the great living machinery of society—yes! and the conviction that you are helping to keep it going?

One of the most memorable evenings that I ever spent was at a boys' club at Toynbee Hall. We had turned out from the gymnasium, where the lads were performing all sorts of dreadful and alarming gyrations, and we were by special favour admitted to this meeting. If I am not mistaken, the chairman was a lad of twenty, just on the verge of becoming superannuated. I have never seen any man in my life conduct the business with more dignity, courtesy, or good sense. One boy, who was in his shirt-sleeves, was inclined to rebel against authority. The quiet way in which that young chairman put him down, and the cordial support which the chair received, was marvellous. As for us, who were but lookers-on, and admitted only on sufferance, we were as completely ignored as if we had been men in the moon. Think of the silent but profound and far-reaching influence which a discipline and training like this must needs be exercising upon those to whom it extends directly and indirectly! Think, too, of the magnificent work that has been going on at the Polytechnic under such an heroic and enlightened philanthropist as Mr. Quintin Hogg! Think of all the boys' clubs and young

men's institutions which they tell me are to be found in all parts of London, affording rational amusement and recreation for mere lads—the cricket, the juvenile bands, the choirs—and you will not doubt that these things must be working a change in the whole bearing of young Londoners which you, who have been living in it all along, are hardly, if at all, conscious of, but which proves to us, the occasional visitors, that a great social revolution has been carried out without our knowing how—a revolution whereby the rising generation of Londoners has been lifted up to a moral and intellectual level which their grandfathers, half a century ago, conceived to be impossible of attainment by their progeny in their own lifetime.

If my old friend X were now alive, he would be some years past seventy. He was a man who had made his own way in the world, after a fashion, and he was rather fond of talking to me of his early struggles. He was one of, I think, seven sons of a law stationer in the purlieus of the Inns of Court, and at fifteen he was thrown upon his own resources. A warehouseman in the City took him as a supernumerary in his business—more as an act of charity than with any hope of finding him of much use. He had a salary of £30 a year, and he lived upon it, without a shilling from his parents. His mother engaged a garret for him in Clifford's Inn, for which he paid £4 a year; and she started him with bed and bedding and the barest necessities in the way of furniture. An old woman



THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II. AND HIS SON.

came in once a day to "tidy up." He told me that for the first year he never had a fire in his room. He got to know where the biggest cup of coffee and the biggest roll could be got for a penny, and where the cheapest beef à la mode was to be found for his make-shift dinner. He left the warehouse at seven or eight o'clock in the evening; then he walked the streets and sometimes took refuge in a small coffee-house as near the fire as he could get, and regaled himself with a supper of more coffee, and now and then with the luxury of a muffin. He never could have been a strong boy, and I believe his constitution was permanently weakened by his early privations. At the end of the first year his salary was raised to £40, and he bought his first greatcoat. "I can tell you that was a day when I put that greatcoat on!" he said, as he looked back upon that great event in his history. But during three or four years of this lonely and desolate life he assured me that he had absolutely no amusement of any kind, except such as he sought and found at the theatres. Poor as he was, and frugal and self-denying, he discovered that recreation of some sort he must have, and accordingly he went to the vast expense of providing himself with three season tickets of admission to the gallery of the Adelphi and two other playhouses—I forget which. He paid a guinea for each ticket. All this was going on not much more than fifty years ago. Contrast the life of a poor lad like this with that which boys of the same age lead in London now! It is a contrast between a daily round of half-starved misery—anxious, monotonous, and desolate—and a life of gaiety, excitement, congenial society, and elevating influences on the right hand and on the left, which cannot but be fruitful in grand results for the boys of to-day who will be the men of to-morrow.

AUGUSTUS JESSOP

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

The stories of the inexplicable feats of Indian jugglers have often moved English readers with mild perplexity. Chevalier Hermann, in the *North American Review*, makes short work of them. What tricks he saw he could have imitated with little preparation and would have disdained to introduce on the stage. The only clever one was done by a native with a cobra. The native had no clothing save a clout. He put the cobra on the sand and covered it with a cloth. After a series of incantations he snatched away the cloth. The snake had disappeared. During the gesticulations he had barely touched the cloth, and on this signal the trained reptile had leapt unobserved into the clout, bent for a moment into a fold. The most brilliant illusion the Chevalier knows is that of the vanishing lady. It is done by mechanical operations enough to build a locomotive—a hundred springs and bolts of steel working like the springs of a watch, and all co-operating with a confederate working below a trap-door in the stage. His own most wonderful trick was the restoration of the shattered mirror. He had been performing before the Czar of Russia, and after the performance was playing billiards with the attachés of the Court, the Czar being present. He shot a ball with all his strength against a great plate-glass mirror, which was shattered into fifty pieces. Although the Czar courteously waived apology, it was easy to see that a disagreeable impression had been produced. The conjurer asked permission to examine the mirror, and one of the suite playfully challenged him to make the mirror whole. He hesitated an instant, and then ordered the mirror to be entirely concealed by a cloth. On the removal of the cloth, after ten minutes, the mirror was found as perfect as before. Readers must imagine how this was accomplished.

The Brontë letters in *Macmillan* are concluded. Though very interesting, they have practically added nothing to our knowledge, one very important fact excepted. Charlotte Brontë explicitly declares, "My unhappy brother never knew what his sisters had done in literature—he was not aware that they had ever published a line; we could not tell him of our efforts for fear of causing him too deep a pang of remorse for his own time misspent and talents misapplied. Now he will never know." The last words are characteristic. It need hardly be pointed out that this disposes finally of the absurd notion that Patrick Bramwell Brontë was the author of "Wuthering Heights," as also of the likely enough story that he claimed the authorship. It is true that some sentences in "Wuthering Heights" are taken almost verbatim from his letters. That is intelligible. But, remembering that "Wuthering Heights" was published at the very end of 1847, and that Bramwell died in September 1848, after long illness, it is difficult to see how he could have made the boast. It is also highly interesting to read Charlotte Brontë's modest, but firm, estimation of her "Professor," the Brussels part of which she says is "as good as I can write." Some will go farther and say that the proposal scene in "The Professor" is the most beautiful in the language. For further knowledge of Charlotte Brontë's life we must now wait till a certain collection of letters is published. They have been sold, I believe, to an American publisher, and may raise some curious questions about copyright.

The articles on Laurence Oliphant confirm the impression that the secret of his career is buried in impenetrable night. Mr. Jennings, in his well-written but unsatisfactory *Macmillan* paper, says, "When he married, Harris kept him apart from his wife under a system which, according to Oliphant's explanation to me, was so utterly incredible that I should hesitate to repeat his story even if respect for the dead did not render silence a duty." That Oliphant retained a superstitious dread of Harris to the last was clear enough: he feared "Harris's devils." The Oliphant paper in *Blackwood* is an excellent summary of the whole matter, with little that is fresh. On one point I have very high authority for saying that the biographers are all wrong. Lady Oliphant was the first to go out. Her son followed. In the inner circle he was wont to lay stress upon this. But it may not mean much. At least, it remains almost certain that the impulse came from him.

There is not much criticism in the July magazines. Mr. Lang's *Contemporary* paper on "Mr. Robert Browning" is pleasant reading. The divergences from the received text in the extracts may be misquotations or the beginnings of that new translation of Browning for which the many sigh. In *Murray* Mr. Lewis Morris gives comfort, warning, and instruction concerning modern poetry. He is "convinced that at this moment there are in our country at least as many skilled writers of verse, and probably as many poets, as she has possessed at any epoch of her literature." Other sentences are "the carelessness of Byron and of Shelley is almost impossible to a modern writer of even moderate rank." (O careful Lewis!) "Adonais" itself would have been twice as effective if half as long," &c. The gifted being who closes the number with short criticisms follows worthily in Mr. Morris's wake. He speaks of J. Rider Haggard; and his "leading idea on closing" Miss Wilkins's latest book is "that very few authors should venture upon the publication of a collection of their stories."

It is strange to find the best short stories in the reviews—the very best in the *Contemporary*. Rudyard Kipling's tale of incarnations, "The Finest Story in the World," is superb in its strength, daring, and serenity. That he does not break down in the verse is a triumph-like which there are few. But this story is for reading. Mr. Harris's second attempt in the *Fortnightly* is more pleasing than the first, but not quite so successful, though here, too, we have more than promise. The other, "Mr. Cutting, the Night Editor," in the *Century*, is crude and violent, though not without distinct traces of power. Mrs. Clifford's correspondence between two lovers in the *English Illustrated* unpleasantly recalls Keats and Ibsen. In *Macmillan*, "A Prince of Morocco," by George Fleming, is decidedly good.

THE GERMAN EMPERORS VISIT TO THE CITY OF LONDON.



PRESENTING THE ADDRESS IN THE LIBRARY AT GUILDHALL.

MEN'S WAYS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"I observe," a fair philosopher writes, "that you lately obliged the town with some remarks on the ways of women." The lady then offers a few observations on Men's Ways, in which we must confess that there is a good deal of justice. "You charge women," she says, "with being nearer to the primitive savage than men; with cherishing the vendetta; with being practically unaffected by Christianity." Of course, I never said anything of the kind—in public, at all events. It is novelists who say these things in private life to console themselves for having to describe love scenes and heroines, and to introduce happy endings. "But you men," the lady goes on, "are really far more childish than we are. On a wet day, when you want to do something dry—to see a cricket match or the like—where are you? Tapping the barometer, reading the last dregs of the newspapers, loitering aimlessly about, smoking too much (a thoroughly savage habit), wishing it was dinner time, or, at best, sauntering in the stables, looking at the hind-quarters of the horses. What a man sees to contemplate in the backs of horses entirely puzzles me. But you gaze at them, like the pious fakir at—well, you know what he fixes his attention upon. Or, on a fine day, when you want rain for your futile fishing, in a series of fine days in the West Highlands, you are just as miserable, and persecute the barometer with your caresses. A woman's happiness does not hang on the weather. With resources in ourselves, we can be tranquil, though the aneroid rises and the fish don't. We can entertain ourselves with conversation, while you men know that you only grumble together. We can read anything in three volumes, while you are helpless unless Mr. Stevenson or someone else has brought out a new record of bloodshed and battle—not that you want to fight yourselves, but you like to read about fighting. You cannot be content with the

Hugh, "the glass is still going up," and as he spoke he revealed two rows of dazzling pearl.

"If we described our heroes like that, you would laugh at us, not unjustly, if you were not quite as absurd about your heroines. I suppose we admire beauty in a man as much as you do in a woman, but we don't lose our heads about it and chatter on in that reckless way, which I call positively indecent. It is just as bad in your poetry. Suppose that a woman poet (if you can suppose such a being) wrote—

It is the miller's nephew
Has grown so dear, so dear—
That I would be the jug which
Contains his lager-beer;
And I would be the churchwarden
That kissed his lips, my first of men.

And so on, about his 'balmy bosom,' and all the rest of it. I call it *disgusting*; yet that is the way in which Lord Tennyson writes concerning the Miller's Daughter—a minx!—or the Gardener's Daughter. Try to imagine a young lady poet, who begins her Life Task by rhymes on a crowd of young fellows: take William, Thomas, Robert, Algernon, in place of Madeline and Adeline and airy, fairy Lilian and the rest of them—

Mystery of mysteries,
Faintly smiling Algernon,
Wadham's late elected Don,
Nor unhappy, nor too gay,
But beyond expression sweet
With thy dainty sandalled feet
And the flannels thou hast on—
Thy rose lips and hazel eyes—
These have won my heart to-day.
But thou smilest, and art gone,
Shadowy, dreaming Algernon.

I know several girls who write poetry quite as good as yours' [I can readily believe it] "in the magazines, but they never utter such sickly nonsense about young men as men do about young women. We are not lollipops; but you rhyme about us

cry for the moon. It is you who grumble at discomfort, and live for your foolish pleasures, and fail even in them. You run out of town every week to fish, and you never bring home enough trout for the cat. What would you think of a matron who ran up from the country every week to attend balls, at which she never, or hardly ever, got a partner?"

Here my critic shows a tendency to become personal in her censures. But, perhaps, there is something in what she says, after all.

OTHER PEOPLE'S LETTERS.

VIII.

A Letter from an Author to the Girl-across-the-Street, proposing that they shall NOT get married.

Congreve Mansions, London, S.W.

Dear Girl-across-the-Street,—I have never yet had the honour of being presented to you, but I take the liberty of addressing this letter to you on a subject the importance of which must be my excuse.

I do not know your name, but you live alone in Raphael Chambers, on the other side of this street, and your windows are immediately opposite mine. Sometimes I see you attending to your two canaries; sometimes on warm evenings you have your window open, and I can hear you playing on the cottage piano on the farther side of your sitting-room; sometimes you sing sad songs, telling me that your joy has passed away and the light of the dying day gently falls on the old grey walls and the fields where the children play. I have been told that you are an art student; and I am deeply interested in you, as a man. As a man, I admire your fresh white dress and your kindly, refined, innocent, beautiful face.

But I am an author, and as an author I recognise the fact that this kind of thing has been done a great deal too often.



PRIMKENAU, NEAR SAGAN, SILESIA, THE RESIDENCE OF THE GERMAN EMPRESS BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

amorous and theological adventures of curates, or with tales about nice girls blighted. You cannot employ your hands productively, sewing or knitting, or burning patterns on wood, and varnishing the same. I read lately that an Australian black said: 'Men hunt, fight, and sit about.' When you cannot hunt, you simply sit about. You are the savages—not we. I mean when you are not 'at work,' as you call it: sitting over the newspaper in offices or chambers, or shutting yourselves up in studies, and grumbling if we run out and in a dozen times in a morning.

"Yes," this lady continues, "you are unreclaimed savages, in the country at least. And your conversation! The selfishness of your vapid school! You will prose to each other for hours about your old schooldays, about golf (a thoroughly idiotic theme): I have known two of you talk *across* me all dinner time, about a new bit! But if two women begin to entertain each other with reminiscences of their governesses, you become positively rude. Yet it is as pleasant for us to converse about our early youth as for you. When you tell your old old stories before the women of your families, are you not ashamed? I confess that your stories are shorter than ours; I admit that, as you say, 'we spare you nothing.' It is the epic manner, proper for narrative: we also can be pedantic to please you, pedants that you are!

"Then your childishness, especially in love affairs! Look, if you please, at the descriptions of women in novels and poems by men! What would you think of a woman who described her hero thus: 'Sir Hugh de Boverill was in the first glow of youth. The broad, low, white brow was shaded by clustering curls. The oval and dimpled face was framed in a wealth of golden whiskers. The mouth, perhaps too large for perfect beauty, was rich in promise and seduction. The nose, slightly tip-tilted, was a thing to dream of, and the poise of the head on the shapely neck recalled the Apollo Canochus. Sculptors would have given fortunes for the right to model that hand, that arm. The lithe movements of the waist resembled the harmonious vibrations of the wind-stirred poplar-tree. The exquisite ankles were not concealed by the costume which Sir Hugh de Boverill wore, "the garb of old Gaul," in fact, the traditional philabeg of Caledonia. "Hang it all!" said Sir

as if we were some form of sweetmeats or scented soap. When a woman chooses to compete with you in love verses, you know what she does. She pretends to be a man, and writes to or about some other girl. Otherwise she could not write love verses at all, for even the fatuity of men would remark the absurdity of it if she gushed about the gardener's lad, or the miller's young man, or the chemist's boy, or the photographer's assistant.

In his ear she whispered gaily:
'If my heart by sighs can tell,
Bachelor, I've marked thee daily,
And I think thou lovest me well.'

This absurdly fatuous statement of Lord Burleigh's, if he was Lord Burleigh—would be laughed at if a woman were the speaker. Can you conceive cousin Amy mooning about on the moorland, declaiming about Alfred, let us say, who has jilted her?

Here about the beach I wandered, while the uses of the globes
Mingled in my early musings with the latest thing in robes.
In the spring, says Mr. Darwin, brighter iris clothes the dove.
In the spring a maiden's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.
And I said, 'My cousin Alfred, speak, and speak the truth to me.'
And I lightly touched his finger as I handed him his tea.
Oh, my cousin, spider-hearted! Oh, my Alfred—mine no more!
Oh, the dreary, dreary moorland! Oh, the country is a bore!
Fool! for here are splendid bunkers, hazards, whins, my spirit thinks.
I will drown the thought of Alfred—I will lay them out in links.
For the clatter of the mashey drowns the hurt affection feels.
And the greens look most propitious for a frequent chance of 'steals.'
Nay, but I to herd with cadals

And so forth, for Amy in vain seeks oblivion in golf, parish visiting, Hyloidealism, and the other resources of modern maidenhood. A girl, Sir, however hardly treated, scorns to wear her heart on her sleeve and bewail her desolation to nature, and the general public. We have pride and reserve; we know when to be silent. We suffer and are strong, or we write a novel, and put in Alfred as the handsome, feckless, faithless young man, and Amy, when she marries the squire or the honest stockbroker, recognises that never before has she really loved. It is we who play the parts which ought to be manly, but are not. It is you who are the silly children, and

Destiny has no business to take hints from Browning; many stories have made the situation conventional. I want to live my own life, not a few chapters out of somebody's novel. In my writing I try to be original; how can I consistently be less original in my circumstances? Unless you consent to go away, I know exactly what will happen. You will drive up in a cab; the cabman will be drunk, and insult you, and frighten you. I shall rush out and protect you. You will thank me with a shy blush. And that will be the beginning of the end. We shall fall in love with each other, and get married. Sooner or later the time will come when we shall find that we have been some three-volume novel to which we have no right. Believe me, my dear Girl-across-the-Street, no marriage can possibly be happy which is founded on a plagiarism.

You may reply that you have never taken the least interest in me, and that there is no consideration on earth which would induce you to marry me. I beseech you to pause before you say that—or even think it. Do you not know how common it is for the heroine to marry in the third volume the man whom she hates in the first? You must not be angry with me for simply thinking of you as of a character in a book. You have brought it on yourself. You have absolutely no reality, no actuality. You dress and behave like a poem or a story. I feel that you are dangerous, and I want you to go away. It is not commonly honest to adopt in real life incidents and situations which have been invented by authors. I should be very glad if you would write to me at once, and tell me that you have given up your rooms at Raphael Chambers.

I cannot give up my own flat in Congreve Mansions because I had the carpet in the sitting-room cut to fit it. The sitting-room is a queer shape, and I am quite sure that the carpet would not fit any other room. I am not a rich man, and I cannot afford to waste a carpet. I must stop here until it is worn out, and I shall stop here. But I do not believe that you have any ties. I can see no reason why you should not move at once. As regards the expense of removal, I am not sure that you could not get compensation from Mudie's. As I do not know your name, I will only sign myself—Faithfully (but not yours),

AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR.

THE GLORIES OF THE WEST.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Though we were still in the first days of July, yet before the festivities in honour of the German Emperor began the end of the season had come in sight; for it is to close early this year. Brilliant beyond anticipation, sudden as the sunshine that broke upon their later glory, these festivities set all going again; and the brief concluding days of the London summer season will be as gay as any that have been known for years.

It is to the East—not to look for light, but to view the darkness that dwells therein—that social observers turn their eyes. Nobody takes his note-books into the West, except some erring foreigner now and then; and he gives no account of the tendency of change there, which is the most interesting thing to notice and to record. And within the last forty years there have been great changes in the aspect of London in the West, and in the whole life of its happy denizens. There has been change for the better in the East as well as the West, though not in the north, north-west, and south; where many pleasant spaces of field and common, wood and down, with fair dwellings set apart in gardens, have been overrun by squalor. In what is called the West End of London, where Society congregates, the change for the better—that is to say, for the brighter—has been more remarkable than anywhere else. Forty years

The brightening and beautifying of the parks may have had something to do with the change, though that fancy may arise only because it is in the parks that the far greater brilliancy of life in the West is seen at its fullest. What the Mall may have been in past days is more or less matter of guesswork; but yet we may be sure that never till lately has there been seen in London such parterred masses of testimony to the wealth, the leisure, the splendour, the gaiety of the more fortunate ones of our little spot of earth than may be viewed at Hyde Park Corner on a sunny afternoon in summer. And nearly all that makes the beauty of the scene belongs to the later generations. The setting is new, in the fine gardening of the park. The abundance of wealth displayed there is new, its wide distribution, and the knowledge of how to spend it in a kind of floral splendour. It is something to note the greater elegance and buoyancy of the carriages that go by at a brisker pace, which is new; as also is the gaiety of colour, the multitudes of women beautifully dressed, the luxurious freedom and taste that is shown in their attire, even their own more frequent tallness, strength, and loveliness. No such sight was to be seen in the fifties; and there are miles of street and square which, in the summer season, bear the same stamp, are filled with the same population—so equal, so easy and assured—and look as if life were all a garden-party. When “most weary seems the sea, weary the oar, weary the wandering fields of barren foam,” no one can step out of the galleys to breathe for an

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Canon Cheyne prefaces his newly published Bampton Lecture with an interesting autobiographical preface, in which he modestly sketches his work as a leader of the critical movement in England. He claims now to have with him Canon Driver, the successor of Dr. Pusey, Bishop Moorhouse of Manchester, and, to a great extent, the “Lux Mundi” school. He does justice to the service rendered to English culture by Dr. C. E. Appleton, the founder and first editor of the *Academy*, which, after varying fortunes, has now come to its thousandth number. Dr. Cheyne leaves it to others to tell the full history of his labours and sacrifices, and when the time arrives they will not decline the task.

Dr. Robert A. Holland, an American priest, who has been staying at Oxford, has written a sympathetic, though not perfectly accurate, account of the Pusey House. He is frank, and perhaps not wrong, when he says that Liddon, “outliving his day, had not youth enough of mind to bear the stormier climate of the new time, and, though still a hero for grace of character and might of speech, saw himself forsaken by the thought of the University where once he had held royal court, and, in his loneliness, died of a broken heart.”

The Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon (the Rev. G. Arbuthnot) is very angry with the *Guardian* for saying that “Churchmen have no desire to make proselytes of the Nonconformist children who attend Church schools.” He asks “Why in the name of wonder, then, do they teach them the Creed, the Catechism, &c.?” He further politely tells the editor: “Your proposal of a creed-register is as absurd and unworkable as



HATFIELD. THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY. VISITED BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

ago gloom was the grand characteristic of Mayfair, and Mayfair was the West End. Belgravia had not then the breadth and finish that it has now; it did not count as it does now; Mayfair was by far the more “aristocratic” quarter—as it still is, for that matter; and its whole aspect was the aspect of gloomy reserve. Dingy streets and squares of the same unlovely build, and with a uniform surface of dull discoloured brick, covered the whole ground; many of the streets narrow, and their mean little houses huddled among stables, as may be seen here and there to this day. Some of the best streets are narrow and gloomy still—Hertford Street, for example, and more than one of those that run from Piccadilly. Even the Piccadilly houses were not lovely without, though their dinginess was stately; and the park they looked upon was not the Green Park of to-day, with its many tree-groups and its plumed mounds, but rather a rough flat mead, with a pond in it near the highway. There is a vast difference now, even where the dismal Georgian browless-windowed houses confront each other on a twenty-foot roadway; for flowers abound in balconies where they were scorned, bright hangings are visible where of old they accorded with the surrounding brickwork, and it is no longer a point of honour to forbid the cleaning of windows. Shining glass in window-frames seems to have been thought vulgar in these regions early in the century, nor is the persuasion quite extinct yet. But it is expiring, with the like hostility to bow-pots; and that, with the opening up of streets (what a difference in Park Lane, for example!) and the breaking of the flat uniformity of windows and doorways, has transfigured even the gloomiest corners of the West. The difference is the difference between a grey November day and a fair spring morning.

hour in this bright world without feeling the beauty and the charm of it: no matter what may be said about butterfly existences.

And what must they think who come up from the East on Jubilee occasions, or when a German Emperor has a week of gala-days, and all this splendour and gaiety is doubled? Then you may see hundreds and hundreds of quite foreign-looking persons out of those eastern quarters filing along the club-house streets, watching the splendid carriages go by, looking up to the crowded balconies—which, with the beautiful dresses the women wear, are like hanging gardens on the great palatial houses—and thinking now and then how different it is at home. And not only the “fine feathers” must strike them, but the fineness of the birds. These are not the faces, this is not the bearing, they are accustomed to see out East; and what makes the difference but generations of ease and careful nurture on the one side, of poverty and toil grown more or less reckless on the other! The actual physical difference—who can be blind to it? Not these wayfarers from the East, with their blurred features and stunted frames, the most painful of all the painful sights in great cities; and surely they must feel it as a stroke of fate more unkindly and injurious than any other. Their women are not growing taller and more beautiful at every generation; nor themselves either. Yet it is so good-natured a people that not a sign of malicious envy or angry discontent is seen upon one face in a thousand. They ramble up to the park on a Sunday to see the flowers and the fine folk—all the display of brilliant, vibrant luxury that we have spoken of—and are no more offended than they were by the sombre heaviness of a bygone time. What restlessness there may be is not the restlessness of anger, of injury, and that is a good thing; otherwise we might be inclined to say that the glories and graces of life in the West are too much seen.

your previous one of a Dissenting class-room, a schismatical dusthole now happily consigned to oblivion.”

Professor C. A. Briggs, whose alleged heresies are convulsing the American Presbyterian Church, has been seeking rest at Great Malvern.

The Rev. Stephen E. Gladstone, Rector of Hawarden, is one of those who sign Archdeacon Denison's protest against “proselytising in Palestine.” The significant part of the declaration is this: “As English Churchmen jealous of the independence and supremacy of the Episcopal order, the defence of which seems to be, in God's providence, a specially appointed duty of English Christianity, we would give utterance to an earnest hope that no arrangements will be tolerated which infringe in any way upon the jurisdiction of the Orthodox hierarchy of Palestine and Syria.” Among the other signatories are Canon Furse, Canon Luckock, Dr. Belcher, Mr. W. H. Hutchings, and other well-known High Churchmen.

The Dean of Llandaff, Dr. C. J. Vaughan, told a good story in Convocation the other day. Many years ago, when he was about to take the head mastership of Harrow, an ex-master of great experience remarked to him, “You will find the boys generally reasonable, the masters sometimes, the parents never.”

Some correspondents of a Church newspaper say that certain teetotalers dispose of the text “Drink no longer water, but use a little wine,” by saying that wine is not to be drunk but used, and that the apostle meant to enjoin external application. This interpretation was repudiated by one teetotaler, who expressed his regret that “a good man like Paul” should ever have said such a thing.

At the Rhyll Church Congress there are to be sectional meetings. The attention of all members will thus be concentrated on one subject. This arrangement worked well at Wolverhampton, and the programme is of varied interest. A very good attendance is expected, Liverpool, Birkenhead, and Chester being within easy distance of Rhyll. V.



"PUNCH'S" JUBILEE.

Mr. *Punch* has presented to the world his one-hundredth half-yearly volume. The jester of the Victorian era has therefore this year attained his jubilee.

The period covered by the issue of those volumes—the real "Hundred Best Books," as with thrasonic jocularity they have been called—is almost co-extensive with the reign of the Queen, who but four years since celebrated her own jubilee. The first number of *Punch*, or the *London Charivari*, was dated "for the week ending July 17th, 1841." Its advent had been heralded by a drolly worded prospectus, prepared by Mark Lemon, the rough draught of which, in his own handwriting, still exists, and has more than once been published in facsimile. "Early in the month of July 1841" (says the "Political Summary" prefixed to *Punch's* first volume) "a small handbill was freely distributed by the newsmen of London, and created considerable amusement and inquiry. That handbill now stands as the introduction to this, the first volume of *Punch*." "This Guffawgraph," said Lemon, coining a word for the occasion apparently, "is intended to form a refuge for destitute wit." Did he, one wonders, dream how long that "refuge" would remain, or how high would be the quality of the "wit" it was destined to shelter?

Mark Lemon was *Punch's* first editor, and an ideal editor he appears to have been. Between him, Henry Mayhew, and Mr. Last, the printer, may probably be divided the honour of the conception of "the new work of wit and whim" which is to-day, by friendly consensus, admitted to be "an institution of the country." Lemon's first staff included, as writers, Henry Mayhew, Douglas Jerrold, and Gilbert Abbott à Beckett, and as artists, Henning, Newman, and Brine. The names of these earliest illustrators of *Punch* do not to-day strike with familiar sound on the ear of the British public. But the fourth number of the first volume introduced a name that undoubtedly does. In the centre of a pictorial page entitled "Foreign Affairs" is roughly sketched the famous water-bottle with its wriggling black occupant, while below is legibly inscribed the yet more famous signature, John Leech.

What youngster of that generation does not remember the "Comic Latin Grammar," written by a gentleman who was pleased to call himself "Paul Prendergast," and most humorously illustrated by a then unknown artist, his friend? "Paul Prendergast" was in reality Mr. Percival Leigh, who, upon the recommendation, it is said, of Mayhew, was promptly enrolled among the *Punch* scribes; while his clever young friend and illustrator, John Leech, took his place forthwith among its artists. And what a place! Truly never did anxious editor of an aspiring "comic paper" meet with so fortunate a "find"!

Punch has indeed all along been singularly happy in its art. The best humorous talent of the time, in that branch, has ever been at its service. Leech, Doyle, Tenniel, Keene, du Maurier, Bennett, Sambourne, Furniss—what an array of humorously graphic genius!—how singularly diversified in style, how uniformly excellent in quality! And even the lesser lights, "Phiz," "Crowquill," Kenny Meadows, Hine, Eltze, Corbould, and many others have made up quite a brilliant minor galaxy.

But not in art alone was the Fleet Street jester favoured. Early in the fourth volume the presence of a really great pen was made manifest in his pages. "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" was writing—and drawing—for *Punch*! Thereto he contributed, among many other outpourings of scathing satire and pungent humour, the immortal "Snob Papers," the inimitable "*Punch's* Prize Novelists," and the delightful "Pleasantman X Ballads." Such works, with Jerrold's "Mrs. Candler's Curtain Lectures," Percival Leigh's "Mr. Pips, his Diary" (admirably illustrated by Doyle), and Gilbert à Beckett's laughable historical and legal burlesques, were alone sufficient to make the fame of a young journal.

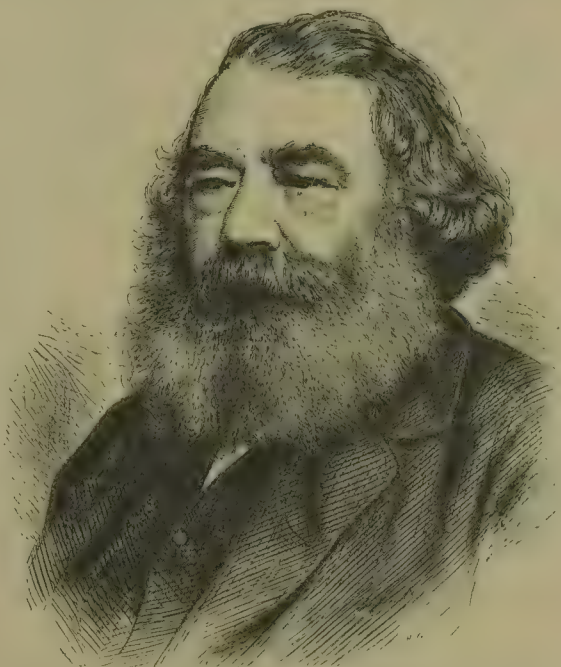
Were these the much-talked-of "palmy days of *Punch*"? Well, those same "palmy days," like the Golden Age of the poets, are always located in the past by those ungenial grumblers who, at whatever time, love invidiously to refer to them. Mr. *Punch* would probably maintain, in that spirit of



MR. F. C. BURNAND, THE PRESENT EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

palpably jocular vaunting which he much affects, that all his days have been palmy. And upon the occasion of his jubilee who will desire to dispute the point with him? Who will not wish that the many which we all hope are yet to come may be of the same uniformly triumphal character?

In 1870, Mark Lemon, *Punch's* first editor—he whose "high and noble spirit" had moulded its character, and whose firm judgment and genial tact had welded "the Table" into that cordial unity of spirit which yet abides with it—died, after filling the chair editorial for nearly thirty years. He was succeeded in that honourable office by Shirley Brooks, a writer of scholarly polish and brilliant wit, who had joined the staff some years previously, and had become favourably known as the writer of "Mr. Punch's Essence of Parliament," and much else in pungent prose and pointed verse. Meanwhile, many changes had taken place at the "Table." Gilbert à Beckett and Jerrold were dead, and so was Thackeray; several of the early writers and artists, like Albert Smith and Henry Mayhew, Henning and Newman, had, for one reason or another, withdrawn. In particular, Richard Doyle, under the influence of creed-scruples, had resigned the post he had so ably filled as cartoonist to the "*London Charivari*." His place had been taken, at short notice, by John Tenniel, another "great name" in the chronicles of *Punch*.



MARK LEMON, THE FIRST EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

His work first appeared in 1851, as, happily, it appears in the current number, and as all interested in English art hope it may continue to appear for many a long year to come. Of the inimitable cartoonist who for forty years has illustrated and illuminated contemporary history by such superb designs as (for example) "A Vision on the Way," and "Vae Victis" during the Franco-Prussian War, and "Dropping the Pilot," only the other day, what remains to be said save that "we are all proud of him"!

Two other great artists had also joined the staff—Charles Keene, the unsurpassed master of "black-and-white" technique, whose loss we only lately mourned, and the great art-satirist of the Victorian drawing-room, George du Maurier, whose "Society Pictures," a reissue of his best *Punch* designs, are even now delighting the town. John Leech, the

inspired, the inexhaustible, the irresistible, the master of all hearts and all midriffs, the graceful, the joyous, the exuberantly hearty, the matchless delineator of the humours alike of sweldom, of snobdom, and of slumdom, the "Punchiest" of all the *Punch* men, still lived at the full prime of his marvellous powers while, in the fifties and early sixties, Tenniel, Keene, and du Maurier were winning their spurs, though in 1864, six years before the decease of Mark Lemon, he too had departed, leaving a void none other could ever fill at the Bouverie Street weekly banquet.

With yet a remnant around him of the "old staff" in the persons of Percival Leigh and "Ponny" (Horace) Mayhew, and with the later additions of Tom Taylor, F. C. Burnand, Charles H. Bennett, Linley Sambourne, &c., Shirley Brooks held the editorial chair till 1874. Bennett lived but a brief time to brighten the pages of *Punch* with his quaint fancies; but an artist of equal ingenuity, and even greater graphic force, succeeded him in the person of the subtle, inventive, and original Sambourne. *Punch's* luck was still in the ascendant.

Upon the death, in 1874, of Shirley Brooks, he was succeeded by Tom Taylor, an accomplished scholar and industrious writer, during whose genial reign the "Table" received fresh accessions in the persons of Arthur à Beckett (son of the author of "The Comic Blackstone," &c.), whose "Papers from Pump Handle Court" have been so popular, and of E. J. Milliken, the creator of the typical Cockney "cad" known as "*Punch's* 'Arry."

In 1880 Tom Taylor also died, and there was installed, by common acclaim of his colleagues, Mr. *Punch's* fourth editor, the present popular holder of that office, Mr. F. C. Burnand, author of "Mokeanna," "Happy Thoughts," "The Burlesque Novels," "The Bompje Papers," "How, When, and Where?" and a hundred other felicitous drolleries, a writer whose exuberant wit and wild waggery had long been the delight of the readers of *Punch*. During the eleven years of his reign several additions have been made to the regular staff who attend the weekly "Table"—notably, Gilbert à Beckett, the second of that name and son of the first, a writer of delightful whim and keen causticity; Henry W. Lucy, the light-handed and laughter-evoking "Toby" of "Mr. Punch's Essence of Parliament"; and the facile and inexhaustible Harry Furniss, who has made of the "Humours

of Parliament" so pleasant and so popular a specialty; Reginald Brooks, son of *Punch's* second editor, also sat for a short time at the "Table." Another brilliant recruit is F. Anstey, author of "Vice Versa," who has contributed, among other things, "Mr. Punch's Manual for Young Reciters" and the exceedingly popular "Voices Populi" to the pages of the journal which has gladly welcomed him. R. Lehmann, author of "Modern Types," &c., and the young artist E. T. Reed are the very latest additions to the staff of that journal, which numbers also among its occasional contributors many of the brightest pens of the day.

Such is a necessarily brief summary of the history of the paper whose jubilee anniversary falls on July 17 in the present year of grace. We present our readers with portraits of *Punch's* four editors, Lemon, Brooks, Taylor, and Burnand. Of the first of these, Mark Lemon, it was said, at his death, that "his noble spirit ever prompted generous championship, ever made unworthy onslaught or irreverent jest impossible to the pens of those who were honoured in being coadjutors with him." It is because his successors have acted in the same spirit, with the same purpose, that *Punch* is so genuinely and widely popular after fifty years of pretty strenuous "championship" of what he has held to be truth and right against the motley forces of oppression, obscurantism, hypocrisy, and humbug. He has had his vicissitudes, he has made his mistakes. Who was it said that he who never makes a mistake never makes anything? The self-appointed "Children of Light" sometimes call him a Philistine! The persistent pooh-poohers of the present, the querulous quidnuncs whose life is one long yesterday, say now, as they have said any time during his fifty years of life, that "he has seen his best days." But a fair-minded public, who are by no means all Zoiluses, know that for half a century Mr. *Punch*, with the aid of some of the keenest pens and most brilliant pencils of the age, has been a blameless brightener of their lives, and therefore they heartily welcome his jubilee, as they hope their children with equal heartiness may do his centenary.

Our Portrait of Mr. Burnand is from a photograph by S. Walery, of Regent Street, W.



SHIRLEY BROOKS, THE SECOND EDITOR OF "PUNCH."



TOM TAYLOR, THE THIRD EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

ITALIAN GENTLEMEN.

BY HELEN ZIMMERN.

Italian gentlemen are a good deal like gentlemen of other nations, for society has a tendency to rub off corners and reduce individuality. Still, they have their strongly marked characteristics, of which one may define as the most salient, love of children, distrustfulness, *naïveté*, and marvellous tact. They are the most devoted fathers in the world. They love all children, especially small ones; they literally worship their own. Nor are they only kind to baby when he is well and amusing. The father will walk about a sick child night after night, will scour the town for dainties to tempt a teething appetite, will push a perambulator in the street. And no one wonders, while everyone would exclaim, at the unnatural father who did not thus perform the bounden duties of his position. It is a frequent sight to see young men accompanying a little brother or sister to school, carrying both luncheon-basket and satchel. The politeness with which little girls are treated whenever they make their appearance in society, by the most distinguished and fashionable young men, is calculated to give those young persons a quite bewildering notion of their own personal importance. There is almost too much intimacy between grown men and little boys, which tends to make the latter precociously wise in the world's ways. The open-faced, innocent-minded boy of England is rare among Italians. Little boys begin to flirt with their sisters' baby friends as soon as they can speak, and have been known to commit suicide *per amore* at seventeen.

A far less amiable quality than this love of the young is that sentiment of intense mutual distrust of one another, be it in business or any other relation. That this sentiment was already extant in the Middle Ages is proved by the existence in the republics of Central Italy of an official called the *Podestà*. He was always a native of some other State, and it was his business to listen to complaints of each other on the part of the citizens, and to decide disputes between them which they declined to submit to their own authorities. And the evil has but gone on increasing. The centuries of conspiracy to which foreign and native tyrannies drove them may in a measure account for this weakness in the Italian character. An outcome of this, probably, is their great dread of being considered too tender-hearted, too easily exploited, too *minchiona* (silly). This dread of being called silly often hinders the Italian from following the bent of his better nature, and doing kindnesses which are simply considered matters of course elsewhere. What Frenchmen call *l'entregent* is impossible in Italy, for this reason: No one wants to be caught doing anything which he cannot show to be for his own interest, if it is brought home to him. This is without prejudice to almsgiving, which was held formerly as bringing its tangible advantage in another world, as the formula of thanks used by beggars—"God give you the value in Paradise!"—sufficiently shows. Although the religious sanction of almsgiving has no longer its ancient force, the habit of it remains.

Socially, Italian men are very agreeable. The older men, the survivors of the struggle for Independence, have perfect manners, and, though not by any means humble-minded, are never arrogant. They are not, as a rule, fond of talking of their own exploits; but are often willing to praise others, especially the now so numerous dead. The present generation is more self-assertive; the vice of free communities, the "I'm as good as you" attitude, shows a tendency to arise; but it is not popular. Ostentation is absolutely tabooed in Italy; it is considered as the worst possible taste.

The intense frugality of life, pursued, until quite lately, among the best families, astonishes all foreigners. The new ideas which came in with the Second Empire have modified these customs, but they remain substantially the same. It is true they certainly do gamble greatly; but they play for low stakes. Cheating seldom takes place among the higher classes, and if it does it is punished on the spot by duel, and never "gets into the papers."

The manners of Italian gentlemen to ladies are chivalrous and fascinating. Talking with them recalls what Charles V. said in his classification of the European tongues, that Italian was "to be spoken to the fair sex." No men *connaissent mieux leur monde*, or know better the difference between one woman and another. A subtle sense of fitness, a perception of the personality of the particular woman they are talking to, pervades their ways. Like other men, they are fond of talking of themselves, and are sometimes *naïf* in the extent to which they push their confidences; but they never tell the wrong thing to the wrong woman. They make excellent husbands to good wives, but the success of the marriage all depends upon the woman. Italian men are by instinct domestic; they are willing to spend their evenings at home, if home is pleasant; but, if it be not so, they quickly find other amusements, for they must and will be pleased and contented somewhere. They are naturally indolent, which inclines them to stay at home if amused there.

A great physical revolution is at present going on. The enforced military service, which brings drill and marches in its train, and the compulsory gymnastics, are exerting an immense influence on the lower classes, and the universal Anglomaniya has brought athletics into fashion in the higher.

Hunting was always popular among Italian men, but the forms they prefer are not of an athletic nature, being usually confined to the wholesale destruction of small birds. The taste for riding and driving which follows the Anglomaniya promises to grow popular for its own sake. Altogether, physical manliness is greatly on the increase. The carpet-knight is no longer the ideal of society. The officers must ride, and often acquire a taste for horsemanship which outlasts their term of service. In sword-play of all kinds, and pistol-shooting, they are very skilful, and the prevalence of duelling keeps them well exercised. Their own writers are fond of calling them vain. I think they are no vainer than men of other nations, and of self-consciousness, that most unpleasant form of vanity, they have not a particle. They think of what they are doing—not of how they look while doing it—throwing themselves into their occupations like children.

Of "snobbery"—in Thackeray's sense of the term—they have not an idea. The relations between the different classes of society, especially among men, are easy and comfortable and worthy of all admiration. All the efforts of Radical propagandism fail to effect any change in this respect. No one troubles as to whether his acquaintances have a title or not. There are so many of these; some are good and others are not so. If a duke can help an Italian in any way, he will make up to him, but not because he is a duke; he will do the same if it is a shopkeeper who happens to find himself in a position in which he could prove useful. This absence of every form of snobbery is largely the secret—beside the better climate—why foreigners so gladly settle in that lovely land. It makes all the relations of life so easy: obliges no one to live above their means, causes ostentation to appear vulgar and ridiculous, and levels social intercourse to its proper proportions as pure bonds of sympathy and affection.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J BENJAMIN (Bombay).—The last game you favoured us with is scarcely good enough. It is well played by Black, but the position is far too weak.

A D C (Hereford).—The position is a well-known ending, and with the best play a draw must result.

F HALEY (Tufnell Park).—Will you look at the effect of Kt to Q B 5th as Black's first move? How does mate follow in two more moves? It is a beautiful problem, and we should be glad to see it all right.

R WELFORD (Ipswich).—We have over and over again told our correspondents that the only solution to No. 2463 is 1. Kt to K 2nd.

H C (Eastbourne).—If you think it too elementary, try Gossip's, noticed by us a short time ago; or "Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern."

W WRIGHT.—For a first attempt the problem is not bad; but, of course, such efforts are of no use to us.

J COAD (Salford).—Mr Steinitz still adheres to his defence, and has intimated that he will adopt it, if opportunity is afforded, in his forthcoming match with his successful opponent.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2458 received from S G B (Agra, India), F H (Coimbatore, Mexico), and Dr A R V Sastry (Tumkur); of No. 2462 from C Burnett and W Walford; of No. 2463 from C Burnett, J G Grant, H S Bandreth, E G Boys, and D Gowers (Haverhill); of No. 2464 from Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Victoria, Amiz y del Frago (Pamplona), Lieut Col Lorraine (Brighton), Emil Frau (Lyons), E G Boys, C Burnett, H B Hurford, W Hanrahan (Rush), and W Kirby.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2465 received from Dr F St, J D Tucker (Leeds), B D Knox, H S Bandreth, H Winters (Canterbury), J Coad (Salford), W Wright, Shadforth, Alpha, H B Hurford (Hampstead), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), T Roberts, Martin F, M Burke, E E H, Sorrento (Dawlish), J P Moon, and F B B.

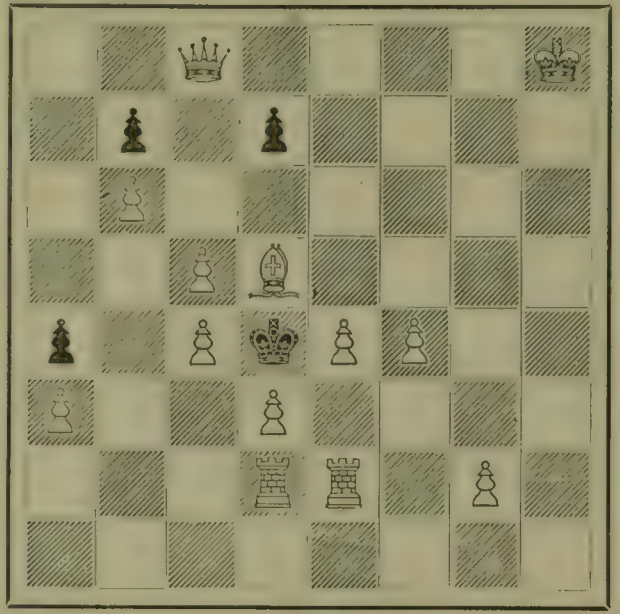
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2463.—By J. H. GARRATT.

WHITE.
1. B to Kt 4th
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.
Any move

PROBLEM No. 2467.
By A. N. BRAYSHAW.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played between Messrs. BIRD and FENTON in the Divan Tourney.

(Bird's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th
2. P to K 3rd	P to Q 4th
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 3rd
4. B to Kt 5th (ch)	B to Q 2nd
5. B takes B (ch)	Kt takes B
6. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
7. B to K 2nd	

Though this development leaves the centre weak for the advance of the Q P, the attack instituted by moving the Bishop here and getting the Queen to Kt 3rd later is a difficult one to defend. Probably, Lasker's move, P to K Kt 3rd for Black, is best. This is the fourth game won by Mr. Bird in this tournament with the same opening.

7. B to K 2nd	
8. Castles	
9. P to Q 3rd	R to Q B sq
10. Q to K sq	P to Q Kt 4th
11. P to Q lt 4th	P to Q R 3rd
12. Q Kt to Q 2nd	P to Q B 5th

Black plays his Pawns well, and at the moment his game is to be slightly preferred.

13. Kt P takes P	Kt P takes P
14. B to Q 4th	

Apart from the piece threatened by P to lt 4th, Black aims by that move to shut out the Bishop.

The City of London Chess Club had a big meeting on Wednesday, July 8, to present the prizes in their last winter tournament. Mr. Kershaw, president, occupied the chair. Mr. Loman, as the winner of the championship, received an ovation, and all the other prize-winners were heartily cheered as they appeared in turn at the table. The list included the names of Messrs. Loman, Howell, Hamburger, Gibbons, Henderson, Eckenstein, Watson, Fox, Jellie, Gooding, Cashmore, Hildpath, Coupland, Atkins, and Lorch. The prizes amounted altogether to over £60.

On the same evening a smoking concert was held in the club rooms. To the performance Messrs. Silas, Loman, Clayton, Stewart, Arle, and Mallow were the chief contributors, and all were loudly applauded. The surprise of the evening was an original pianoforte solo in C.C.C. (City Chess Club), given with great effect by Mr. Silas, the well-known music-master.

The Divan Tourney terminates shortly, when it is generally anticipated the first three places will fall to Messrs. Loman, Van Vliet, and Bird. All these masters have played in fine form, and Mr. Bird especially is to be congratulated on his position after so serious an illness. Among the curiosities of the contest are the positions occupied by Messrs. Lee and Tinsley, both of whom are palpably out of form, although the game between them was one of the best in the tourney.

The Chess Monthly for July contains a portrait and biographical sketch of Mr. E. N. Frankenstein, of whose genius as a problem-composer the readers of this column have had ample evidence. He is also one of our strongest amateur players, and a liberal supporter of everything connected with the game.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In the course of a lecture delivered recently to the Association of Sanitary Inspectors, Dr. B. W. Richardson ventilated a somewhat novel proposal for the removal of the sewage waste and refuse of our towns and cities, under the title of "National Main Drainage." Anything which Dr. Richardson has to say on sanitary questions is well worth listening to, and the proposal to which I allude will doubtless strike most of my readers as both ingenious and novel in its nature. The difficulties attending the drainage of our big centres of population are notorious, and so despairing have certain sanitarians become of any plan for utilising large masses of sewage—consistently with the maintenance of the public health—that we read of proposals to simply cast the refuse of our towns out into the sea. As we make huge conduits and mains to bring pure water into our towns from great distances, so, it is urged, we shall eventually require to build big main sewers which shall take all city refuse straight to the azure main. Certain towns, favourably placed, do cast their sewage into the ocean. Eastbourne, with its Shone's pneumatic drainage system, may be cited as an example of an odourless, pleasant, healthy resort, which sends all its sewage into the Channel at a point some three or four miles removed from the town.

Those who argue that sewage should be sent into the sea are by no means adverse to admitting that sewage may be in itself a very valuable commodity as a soil-fertiliser. What they maintain is that it is very difficult indeed near many great towns to obtain the necessary amount and kind of land whereon to place the sewage as a fertilising agent. Other processes of sewage disposal, such as precipitation, are found to work fairly or excellently well, as the case may be, in certain towns, and this latter mode of treating the refuse of civilisation may present a third course to those who are interested in the question of its due removal from the abodes of men. Amid the chorus of rival inventors and advocates, Dr. Richardson stands firmly to his guns in his cry that the land is the proper receptacle for sewage. In his view, to cast refuse matters into the sea is sheer waste. We are perpetually taking from the land, by plant-growth, many of its constituents, and if it is to continue to support us, it is urged, we must pay back our debt to it in the shape of sewage, as a renovator of the soil. Paving the way thuswise for his plan, Dr. Richardson next proceeds to elaborate his system in detail. The railway system, he tells us, has mapped out, levelled, and surveyed the whole country, and has placed at our disposal a series of ways extending literally from John o' Groat's to Land's End. Now, asks our theorist, what is to hinder us from placing by the side of our railway-lines a series of main tunnels or tubes, each beginning wherever there are houses to be drained, so that along this conduit the sewage will flow or be forced? Thus, carried literally throughout the land from centres of population, great and small, to country districts, we should find the sewage collected and carried at convenient points to spots selected for its distribution to the land. The soil would thus receive payment of our debt to it in a manner harmless to health, and effective of much good otherwise in rendering the soil endlessly productive.

In working out the details of his scheme, Dr. Richardson enters, of course, very fully into the particulars which sanitarians will naturally demand when they are asked to consider it. Personally, I see nothing either irrational or impossible in such a system of main drainage. It would not obviate the necessity for care in our household sanitation, though Dr. Richardson thinks it might render much of our elaborate drain-trapping unnecessary; and I can easily understand that such a system might save much water pollution, and return our rivers and streams to the angler pure, limpid, and supporting thousands of the finny tribe. The refuse from public works might require special provision, or might, of course, be allowed to escape with the sewage, unless it could be shown that the presence of manufacturing refuse interfered with the fertilising value of the sewage itself. I observe my Yorkshire friends are at present agitating regarding the fearful state of the Aire near Leeds, from sewage and trade refuse combined, and the state of this river may, of course, be taken as a fair sample of that of many another stream. The good people of Leeds and neighbourhood may, therefore, think over Dr. Richardson's proposals if they are desirous of establishing a new plan of drainage; but such a plan will require money, and much of that commodity. I fear we shall go on discharging city waste into our rivers for many a year to come. Yet, it is well to have sanitarians telling us of the better things which may be ours in the way of public health. If we compare 1891 with 1841 we can see how great our advance in sanitation has been. When 1941 dawns, Dr. Richardson's theoretical proposals may very well have become things of reality, rendering our waste places productive and turning our deserts into fertile fields.

From time to time I receive letters from correspondents interested in "Science Jottings" to the effect that it might be advisable to start in these pages a symposium on the question "Do dreams ever come true?" My one objection to complying with such a request is that life would be far too short to admit of the exhaustion in a satisfactory sense of such a topic. Nine people out of ten are ready to give examples of dreams which have "come true," although, needless to add, very few, if any, of the instances given one will bear exact and critical examination. People are always ready to accept and believe statements about dreams and like phenomena, which, were they offered to them sitting in a jury-box, would be unhesitatingly rejected. I have never met with any case of dreaming with a purpose which has not, to me personally, been explicable on the theory of coincidences. There are hundreds of coincidences in our waking ordinary life, passed by unheeded, which are at least as marvellous as anything one hears of in connection with the visions of the night. Besides, the logical position of the objector who refuses to see in dreams anything more than the work of the lower brain centres, which do not sleep at all, is very secure. He urges that either all dreams must mean something, or all dreams must mean nothing. Why one dream is to "come true" and another not, must be left for the explanation of those whose mission it is to defend dreams as omens and prognostications. If I am told that the dream that comes true is a grave mystery and the dream which does not is a mere brain fancy, I must refuse to allow my adventures to pick and choose in this easy fashion. Again, it is so easy to be wise after the event, and the *post hoc* fallacy is always popular, of course. On the whole, then, I must beg leave to deny any belief in dreams as omens or warnings; and with this declaration, and my reasons for it just given, I may take leave of the subject, which, I admit, is fascinating enough in its way.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It is long since so many magnificent jewels saw the gaslight at one time and place in London as have been produced on various occasions during the German Emperor's visit. The wearing of jewels in large quantities is not considered "good form" in the best society at ordinary events. At the State balls, even, and other similar Court functions, much restraint is exercised in this respect. The visit of a foreign potentate reverses the case. It is thought proper then to display all the wealth and magnificence of the nation in honour of the presence of a sovereign who has come among us to see our glories. A wonderful display was made for the Shah; but that for the German Emperor outvied precedent.

One article of jewellery is much more commonly worn now than it used to be—the tiara. Chains of diamonds and ropes of pearls round the neck, swinging censers of light dangling from the ear-lobes to the shoulders, broad bands encircling the arms in three or four places like fetters—all these usual gauds of our mothers' day are old-fashioned and out of date: such things are not now worn. But a great tiara may be donned on smart occasions by any woman who can afford to have one, and is no longer regarded (as erst it was considered to be) as the special badge of a peeress. At the Opera, on the Emperor's night, scarcely one head lacked that becoming adornment. There were not many young girls present, and those who were there generally had at least three diamond stars or a row of brilliants twisted in the coils of their hair. Dresses make but little display in an opera-box. But the jewels worn on the head and the bosom flash out grandly under the mellow light of the thousand wax candles and against the crimson draperies, and the glittering, scintillating, million-pointed flood of splendour that met the eye as it glanced round was something not to be forgotten.

Diamonds and white dresses were worn so generally that they might have been supposed to be a uniform. In the royal box were two white dresses (worn by her Majesty the German Empress and the Duchess of Connaught), two light blue (the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Fife), two of heliotrope (the Duchess of Edinburgh's very pale and the Duchess of Teck's very dark in shade), one of pink and green (Princess Beatrice), two of maize-yellow (the young Princesses of Wales), and the black of two royal widows, the Duchess of Albany and the Duchess d'Aosta. In every instance, however, diamonds were worn by the royal ladies—the Empress and the Princess of Wales alone mixing pearls with the brilliants. The gems of other kinds worn by some few ladies perhaps were the more distinguished because of their rarity. Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox's lovely suite of turquoises mixed with a few diamonds, and the fine emeralds in the tiara on the striking head of Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, were instances of such distinction. The Countess of Beatrix's diamond tiara had large pear-shaped pearls to finish off each of its points. Lady Londonderry's coronet was as large and brilliant and tall-spiked as the typical sun on a sign-board. Lady Spencer's tiara was of Greek key design. Lady Kennedy wore an immense diamond crescent immediately above her fringe, and a broad band of dog-roses and buds in brilliants completely encircling the Greek coil of curls at the back of her head. Lady Charles Beresford had a tall tiara of wavy points of diamonds that was very effective.

Invitations to the Prince and Princess of Wales's garden-party were issued with a somewhat lavish hand, as though to compensate for the scanty distribution of "commands" to Windsor. The lavishness had to be limited, however, by the

small size of the Marlborough House garden. It is impossible to understand why such receptions, which are, to all intents and purposes, the hospitalities of the Court, now that her Majesty receives no general company, should not be given at Buckingham Palace. The Jubilee garden-party, which was a suitably mixed and extended function, showed how well adapted the fine park-like grounds behind that palace are for such royal festivities. But, though Buckingham Palace gardens are finely kept up, at great expense to the nation, nobody benefits by them—hardly anybody ever sees them but the gardeners.

Mrs. Frank Leslie, the famous American woman publisher, gave a large luncheon-party in her rooms on the first floor at the Victoria Hotel, to see the Emperor's procession pass on its way back from the City. It was not a very imposing show, and needed a pleasant party to make it worth going out to see. About a dozen files of Guards led the imperial carriage, which was open, and gold and red in colour, and, of course, driven by men in the Queen's scarlet liveries, but had only two horses. Then came another handful of soldiers, and after them the carriages containing our own royalties, and finally a few more Guards. After all, Lord Mayor's show is the only proper pageant we ever have in England. The Princess of Wales was greeted in the streets with great enthusiasm. The clubs in Pall Mall were all opened to lady visitors, but the Constitutional had its windows selfishly filled with members only.

Madame Blavatsky's friends and admirers will regret to learn that the late high-priestess of Theosophy is not quite happy in her new sphere. She has appeared at gatherings of her cult—indeed, she went on the evening of her cremation to the house of the Countess of Caithness (Madame de Pomar) in Paris—and announced that cremation is a mistake. It disintegrates the physical atoms too violently, and gives a shock to the ghostly system. Now, one would have supposed that Madame Blavatsky's occult knowledge would have enabled her to be aware before she died this time that such would be the result of cremation; more especially as the "Mahatmas," from whom she professed to obtain so profound and penetrative a knowledge of all spiritual things, belonged to the Brahmin sect, and so must have been used, on their various departures for reincarnation, to being "disintegrated" after that fashion. The priestess, it seems, warned her sect before she departed that spooks—wandering, low-minded earth spirits—might pretend to give revelations as from "H.P.B." So, perhaps, this sad news about the effect of cremation is only a spookish fabrication.

What is really sad to hear, to my mind, is that Mrs. Annie Besant has decided not to offer herself for re-election to the London School Board, because she wishes to take Madame Blavatsky's place as high-priestess of the Theosophists, and to "fight against the materialism of the age." Mrs. Besant seeing spirits, mysteriously mending broken teacups in shut-up cupboards, sending letters through the air, and performing generally as Madame Blavatsky did—alas! This clever but uncertain lady has, at the age of forty-two, all but "boxed the compass" of opinion. Beginning as an ardent High Churchwoman, writing "Lives of the Black-Letter Saints," she next became a Theist, and author of one of the tracts published to advance Theistic views by Mr. Thomas Scott. Then she proceeded to the standpoint of an avowed Agnostic, and as such was deprived of the custody of her daughter. As a follower of Mr. Bradlaugh, she was a pronounced Individualist; but after a while she was converted to Socialism. Then came the recent change from Materialism to Theosophy; and now Mrs. Besant resigns the undoubtedly useful secular work of educating the children of the poor in order to succeed Madame Blavatsky as a leader of a vague sort of spiritualism.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (executed Oct. 29, 1889) of Mr. Thomas Keay Tapling, barrister-at-law, M.P. for the Harborough Division of Leicestershire from 1886, head of the firm of Messrs. Thomas Tapling and Co., carpet warehousemen, 31, Gresham Street, late of Kingswood, Dulwich, who died on April 11 at Gumley Hall, Leicestershire, was proved on July 4 by Victor Loraine Tapling, the cousin, William Pheasant, George Smith, and Walter Yeates Hargreaves, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £149,000. The testator bequeaths his collection of postage stamps, and £1000 to defray the expenses of mounting and arranging same, to the Trustees of the British Museum on condition that it is never broken up, that it is known as the Tapling Collection, and that it is kept separate, and accessible at all times to the president and secretary of the Philatelic Society; £1000 to the Royal London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, £1000 to the Governors of Harrow School for the benefit of the cricket-ground; £1000 to the Governors of Dulwich School for a like purpose; £1000 each to William Pheasant, George Smith, Walter Yeates Hargreaves, C. E. F. Copeman, A. Copeman, Cecil Underwood, H. R. Bell, and J. F. Bell; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his sister, Florence Alexandra Annie Tapling.

The will (dated May 6, 1882) of Mr. Boyd Burnet, late of 41 and 42, King Street, Covent Garden, and of Crouch House, Seaford, Sussex, art draper, who died on May 23, was proved on June 25 by John Burnet Geake, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £125,000. The testator bequeaths £20,000 to his sister, Eliza Burnet, but should she predecease him, then the said sum is to be divided between her daughters, Eliza and Ada; £4000 to his sister-in-law Phoebe Treleaven; and an annuity of £500 to his sister-in-law Eliza Harvey Geake. He devises his undivided share in certain freehold property at or near Plymouth, held by him and his sister, Eliza Burnet, as tenants in common, to his said sister. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to John Burnet Geake and Marion Harvey Geake, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 20, 1889), with a codicil (dated Aug. 8, 1889), of Mr. John Wingfield Larking, D.L., J.P., late of The Firs, Lee, Kent, who died on May 18, was proved on July 3 by Colonel Edgar Edwin Larking, the son, Felix Stanley Henry Webber, and Ralph Bertie Peter Cator, the great-nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £121,000. There are a few specific gifts to children; a legacy of £100 to his executor Mr. Cator; and legacies to servants. As to the residue of his property, real and personal, the testator leaves one fourth, upon trust, for his son Colonel Cuthbert Larking, his wife, Lady Adela Maria Larking, and their children; one fourth to his son Colonel Edgar Edwin Larking; one fourth upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his daughter Mrs. Edith Emily Webber; and one fourth upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his daughter Mrs. Bertha Caroline Bramley.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Miss Mary Brown, late of 45, Albert Gate, Knightsbridge, who died on May 20, intestate, were granted on June 20 to Thomas Brown, the brother, and one of the next of kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £62,000.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1884), with four codicils (dated July 14, 1885; Nov. 5, 1887; June 28, 1889; and Feb. 26, 1891), of Mrs. Ellen Toller, late of Foley House, Hampstead, who died on May 29, was proved on July 1 by David Powell, Charles George Toller, and Marlborough Robert Pryor, the

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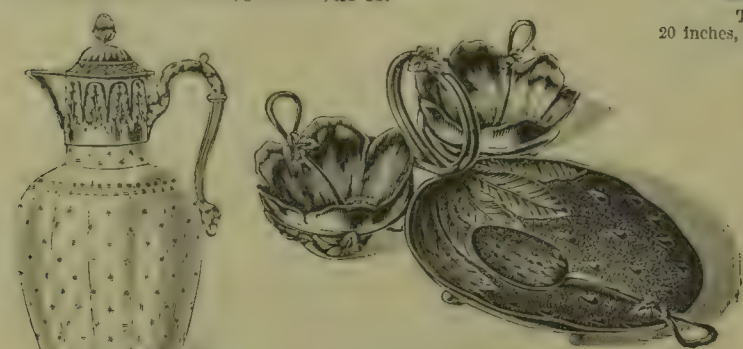


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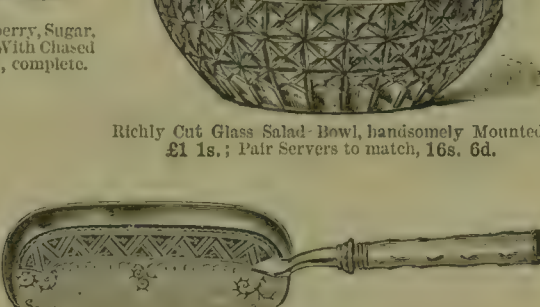
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executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £52,000. The testatrix bequeaths her leasehold residence, with the furniture and effects (except the pictures, books, and plate, specifically bequeathed), horses and carriages, to her nephew the said Marlborough Robert Pryor; £2500 each to her stepsons, Charles George Toller, Hugh Mantel Toller, and Hill Toller; £2000 each to her nephews, Marlborough Robert Pryor, Selwyn Robert Pryor, and Francis Robert Pryor, and £2500 between them; and numerous legacies to relatives, servants, and others. The residue of her estate she leaves, upon trust, for the children of her late sister, Caroline Powell, equally.

The will (dated March 5, 1883) of Mr. Thomas Allen, M.D., late of 16, Regency Square, Brighton, who died on June 3, was proved on June 23 by Henry Marcus Allen, M.D., the son, and Miss Emma Maria Allen, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £38,000. The testator makes provision for his wife; and there are legacies to his children with the view, to some extent, of equalising the distribution of his property, having regard to other provisions in their favour. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one third, upon trust, for each of his three children, Henry Marcus Allen, Emma Maria Allen, and Constance Adine Whitmore.

The will (dated Nov. 21, 1885), with two codicils (dated Sept. 29, 1887, and May 14, 1891), of Mr. Henry Sampson, late of Hall Road, St. John's Wood, and of Wine-Office Court, Fleet Street, who died on May 16, was proved on July 1 by Richard Butler and Robert Henry Nunn, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £37,000. The testator bequeaths all his plate, pictures, furniture, articles of household use and ornament, wines and consumable stores, horses, carriages, and effects, to his wife; £12,000 to her if she survive him two years, the income to be paid to her in the meantime; £500 to William Bonney; his single-stone diamond ring to Mr. G. R. Sims; his gold watch and chain and £50 to Mr. R. Butler; and £50 to Mr. R. H. Nunn. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter, Henrietta Alice, for life, then for her children as she shall appoint, and, in default of such appointment, to her children equally. In the event of her leaving no children, the residue at her death is to go as she shall absolutely appoint. The trustees are empowered to carry on the *Referee*, and the testator suggests, but without creating any trust to that effect, that they should appoint Mr. Butler editor, at such remuneration as they may fix.

The will (dated Sept. 25, 1890) of Mr. Alfred Philip Charrington, formerly of Chislehurst, Kent, and late of 13, Warrior Gardens, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on May 7, was proved on June 25 by John Charrington, the nephew, and Antony Foxcroft Nassey, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his niece, Emily Louisa Charrington, and an annuity of £50 to Emily Frewin. As to the residue of his estate, he gives one third each to his brothers, John and Thomas, and his sister, Maria de Leuw.

The will (dated April 29, 1890), with three codicils (dated June 6 and 16, 1890, and April 28, 1891), of Mr. John Irving, F.S.S., D.L., late of 94, Eaton Place, and of Burnfoot, Dumfries, N.B., who died on May 4, was proved on July 1 by James Cavan, the nephew, John Irving Courtenay, and William Lewis Comrie, the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £15,000. The testator appoints,

under the powers conferred on him by his marriage settlement, £115,000, and his residence 94, Eaton Place, upon trust, for his granddaughter, Alexandra Helen Agnes Cavan Irving; and the residue of the trust funds to his son, Herbert Cavan Irving. He bequeaths the furniture and effects at 94, Eaton Place, with the exception of various articles specifically disposed of, upon trust, for his said granddaughter; the furniture and effects, horses and carriages, farming stock and effects at Burnfoot and the Home Farm to his said son; £100 to the Dumfries and Galloway Royal Infirmary; £200 to build a lodge to the Middlebie Parish Cemetery, the ground for which he gave some years ago; £500 and a rent-charge of £200, during life or widowhood, to his daughter-in-law, Marian Fanny Cavan Irving; and legacies to relatives, servants, and others. The residue of his real and heritable property he gives to his said son; and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for him, for life, and then for his issue, children or more remote, as he shall appoint.

The will of General Sir Edward Green, K.C.B., J.P., Bombay Staff Corps, late of Grove Lodge, Cowley, Middlesex, who died on May 9, was proved on June 24 by Frederick Walker, Archibald Gordon Pollock, and Thomas Griffiths Woollacott, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7630.

The will of Dowager Lady Charlotte Jane Wiseman, late of 70, Eaton Terrace, Eaton Square, who died on May 23, was proved on June 27, under a nominal sum, by Captain Sir William Wiseman, Bart., R.N., the son and sole executor.

NEW MUSIC.

From G. Ricordi and Co.—“Si tu le voulais,” words by Hélène Vacaresco, translation by Theo Marzials, music by F. Paolo Tosti: a reposeful and pretty love-song. “Mon cœur est plein de toi,” words by Armand Silvestre, and translation by Marzials. This is as graceful and melodious as any of Signor Tosti's songs; while his “Carmén” (words by E. Panzacchi, translation by Marzials) is a highly interesting and characteristic composition. In the poem, the heroine of Bizet's opera is made to speak to Don José after her death, and tell him why she made him suffer and why she died so bravely.—“Hush-a-bye,” words by Clifton Bingham, music by L. Denza. A delicious little lullaby. The same composer's “My Paradise” is a good song of sacred character. The words are by Arthur Chapman.—“The Violet,” by Isidore Pavia. A quaint, tuneful song.—“A Curl of Gold,” by B. Palmieri. A pretty song, but just a trifle monotonous. The words, written by Russell Barnes, are charming.—“O Love Marie,” words by G. Hubi Newcombe, music by Vittorio Carpi. A well-written sympathetic song for tenor.—“Our King,” an exceedingly good sacred song by Augusto Rotoli, to words of Frances R. Havergal's. In three keys, “Evening Rest” is another lovely sacred song, by the same composer.—“Madrigale,” for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, by A. Simonetti. A simply and melodiously written composition. A “Romanza,” for the same instruments, also by Signor Simonetti, is equally melodious and easy.

From B. Mocatta and Co.—“Light of the Day,” words by F. Weatherly, music by L. Denza. A musicianly song, with a graceful accompaniment.—“Garden of Roses,” words by Clifton Bingham, a pretty song by Walter Slaughter that ought to become popular.—“A Song of the Gauges,”

words by Weatherly, music by Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff. This is an exceedingly attractive and charming song.—“As years roll on,” words by H. S. D'Arcy Jaxone, music by Ernest Newton. A good contralto song.—“Time flies,” an extremely bright, merry little composition by Ernest Birch, words by George Barlow.—“May Time,” air de danse, by Algernon H. Lindo. An effective pianoforte piece.—“Carmena,” a brilliant vocal waltz by H. Lane Wilson, words by Ellis Walton.—“Danse Orientale,” morceau de genre, for piano, by Arthur Thompson McEvoy. Difficult, but worth study.

From Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel.—New editions of Sebastian Bach's “Wohltemperirtes Klavier” (forty-eight preludes and fugues) and Czerny's “Schule der Geläufigkeit.” The former is published in two volumes, folio size, and carefully edited by Robert Franz and Otto Dresel.—“Marcia Fantastica,” for piano, by Waldemar Bargiel, is spirited, effective, and not difficult; and the same may be said of the “Friedens-Liga Marsch” (in honour of the Triple Alliance), composed by Karl Julius Schwab, which is pleasing and elegant, and tolerably easy.—“Ball Suite,” by August Wernier, consisting of a polonaise, intermezzo, mazurka, and finale, is extremely well written, and requires rather advanced execution.—Some violin pieces by Bach, arranged for piano by Berthold Tours, and two brilliant pianoforte rhapsodies by Philipp Scharwenka (Op. 85) are also deserving of favourable notice.

Miscellaneous.—From E. Ascherberg and Co.—“Six Songs,” words by William Fergusson, music by Gerard F. Cobb. Mr. Cobb's songs are light and dainty, and his accompaniments are appropriate and graceful. It is hard to say which is the prettiest of the six. His “Storm Queen” (words by Arthur Rigby), which is published alone, is not one of his happiest efforts, though it is attractive in its way.—From the London Music Publishing Co.—A good volume of organ compositions, edited by Dr. William Spark, this being the April number of the *Organist's Quarterly Journal*. Sir Robert Stuart's contribution of seven short pieces is a welcome and useful addition, and there are also pieces by Thomas Sharples and J. G. Paldous. The “M.C. Polka,” by Ada Faber, is slightly above the average.—From Boosey and Co.—“When?” words by R. S. Hitchins, music by Frederic Cliffe. This is a musicianly and beautiful song, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious.—From Weekes and Co.—“Lilies,” an effective pretty song, by Walter J. Lockitt, words by the Rev. H. R. Haweis.—From Daff and Stewart.—“A Border Lullaby,” words by J. W. Fraser, music by F. Berger. Quaint and pretty.—(From B. Hollis and Co.—“Bluebell” and “Yellow Daisy,” two nice songs, by Margaret Deland and Phoebe Otway. “Scherzo,” in A minor, for violin and piano, by Frank Frewer. A fairly attractive piece.—The April number of the *Early English Musical Magazine* (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) contains the third part of an interesting article on “The Training of the Voice, Past and Present,” by William Offord and George R. Roberts; and contributions by W. St. Chad Boscawen, the Rev. S. Baring Gould, Frederick Whymper, John Ashton, S. O. Lloyd, Athol Mayhew, and H. Sutherland Edwards. The music part of the magazine includes, among other interesting pieces, two compositions by Dr. John Blow and a madrigal by Ravenscroft.

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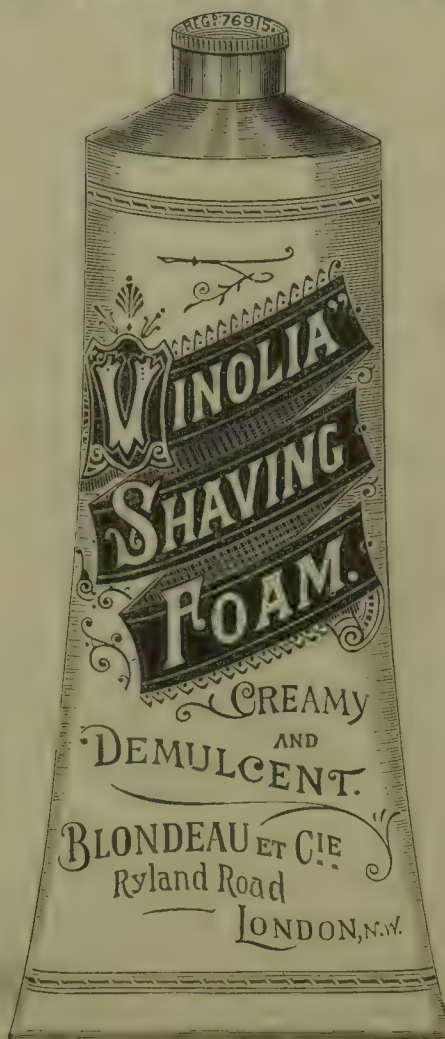
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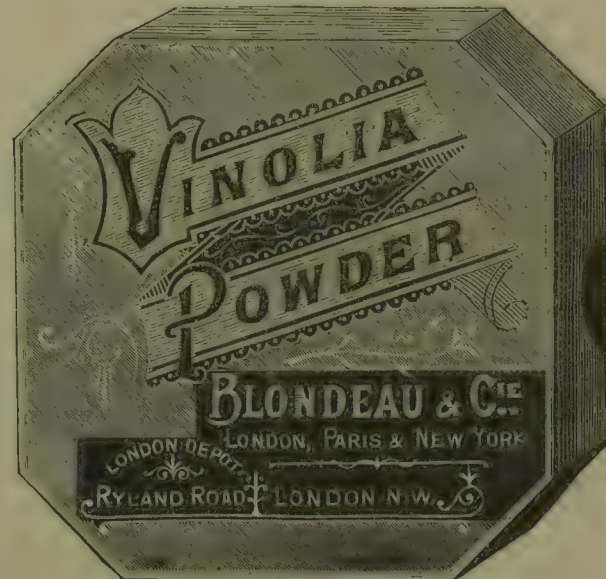
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FOREIGN NEWS.

It is no exaggeration to say that recently the eyes of all Europe have been fixed upon England. The visit of the German Emperor to this country, and the splendid reception extended to him, have attracted the attention of all Continental politicians and journalists, who were anxiously awaiting the report of his Majesty's Guildhall speech: for it was felt that the Kaiser's utterances on the occasion of his visit to the City would be endowed with particular interest and special significance. The Emperor's unequivocally pacific speech, so emphatic and so reassuring, has been received everywhere with great satisfaction. As a matter of course, the German papers are enthusiastic, and, being carried away by their feelings of loyalty towards their Sovereign, are apt to represent England as having almost joined the Triple Alliance. The Austrian papers, on the other hand, seem to have a truer perception of things when they say that the reason why the Emperor William so quickly found his way to the hearts of the people of this country is that he unfolded to them a programme of peace and progress which was bound to ensure him a hearty welcome at the hands of Englishmen.

Even in Russia and in France the Emperor's speech is admitted to have been frankly pacific, and has produced, on the whole, a good impression. Parisian newspapers, however, are of opinion that the grouping of the various great Powers and the general situation of Europe are not very favourable to France, but that there is no occasion to exaggerate their importance. They also dwell on the proceedings in the House of Commons, when Sir James Fergusson explained more fully than he had done at any previous time England's policy and her position with regard to the Central Powers, which involves neither her adhesion, direct or indirect, to the Triple Alliance, nor an engagement with Italy. And, reading the Emperor's speech in the light of Sir James Fergusson's declarations, they express themselves in terms which evidently show that they have a tolerably correct appreciation of the attitude of Great Britain, which implies no unfriendliness whatever to France, but simply the earnest wish to remain at peace and on cordial terms with all nations.

It should be added that certain Russian organs, like the *Norvosti*, think that recent events should induce France and Russia to conclude an alliance, and to secure the adhesion to it of the smaller European States; but the *Norvosti's* ideas do not seem likely to find much favour in France, and even in Russia that paper's views do not appear to be shared by the more serious organs of the Press.

On July 7, at Venice, the King and Queen of Italy, the Duke of Genoa, and the Italian Ministers of Marine and of Finance were entertained at luncheon on board the Benbow by the officers of the British Mediterranean Squadron. After

luncheon the King of Italy proposed the health of Queen Victoria in graceful terms, and, alluding to the historical friendship of Great Britain and Italy, said the Italian nation joined with him in wishing prosperity to the English people. Captain Ranson replied in felicitous language, and expressed full confidence that the cordial relations between the two countries would be in the future what they had been in the past. These speeches have been much commented on in Germany, and considered as bearing greater significance than the compliments usually exchanged on similar occasions. But that was before the German Press had been made acquainted with Sir James Fergusson's plain and lucid statement.

Very ghastly accounts of the execution by electricity of four men who had been lying in Sing-Sing prison under sentence of death have been telegraphed from New York to Europe. We are told that the four men died painlessly and instantly on the application of the electric current, which is satisfactory, especially after the scandalous bungling which attended the execution of Kemmler. There are, however, rumours current in New York that things did not pass off quite as well as reported; but, as those who witnessed the scene were bound to secrecy, it is impossible to tell what really did occur. One thing, at all events, is beyond doubt, and that is the coining of a new and very ugly word to designate execution by electricity. "Electrocution" is a clumsy and unscientific term, the want of which was really not felt.

The British Behring Sea Commissioners, Sir George Baden-Powell and Dr. Dawson, have left Ottawa for Vancouver, where they were to be met on July 16 by the Admiral commanding the Pacific Squadron, who was to convey them to the Behring Sea. The Commissioners are expected to be about three months on their mission of inquiry, but experts declare that they will arrive too late to be able to make a thorough report. It is said that the Commissioners ought to have gone to the Pribyloff Islands in May; but it should be remembered that no Commission had been instituted in May, and that the Commissioners left England as soon as they were appointed.

Dr. Koch's remedy for tuberculosis having proved a failure, it is to be hoped that Dr. Lannelongue's cure may turn out to be a more valuable discovery than the famous lymph of which so much has been heard. Dr. Lannelongue, who is one of the most distinguished French surgeons, has recently made to the Academy of Medicine of Paris a most interesting communication in regard to his new treatment of tuberculosis. There is no secret, no mystery about it. Dr. Lannelongue states that chloride of zinc is fatal to microbes, and that its application internally or externally circumscribes the action of the tuberculosis bacillus, and, by narrowing the base of its action, ultimately leads to its disappearance. In other words, the new remedy, applied to the tissues, cicatrises them and neutralises the action

of the bacillus, gradually paralysing and destroying it, owing to its antiseptic properties. The new method has been tried successfully for two years, and French doctors speak favourably of it. The substance used being quite harmless, experiments may be made without danger, and there ought to be no difficulty in ascertaining whether Dr. Lannelongue's cure be really as effective as it is represented to be.

It is not unlikely that a great strike of railway men may soon take place in France; but it will not affect the passenger traffic, as it will be limited, at least, so it appears, to the men employed in the workshops as engineers, fitters, and others.

The national fête of July 14 has been celebrated throughout France, when the usual festivities took place, and a number of decorations were bestowed on functionaries and others, whose names have been gazetted, according to custom, in the *Journal Officiel*. A further list of nominations and promotions will be published shortly.

The Jewish question in Russia is not quite so simple as some people imagine. It is easy, no doubt, to say that the Jews who are compelled to leave Russia should go to Palestine, and thus to make free with part of the Sultan's dominions. But, by reasoning in this manner, people are reckoning without their host. It now happens that the Turkish Government is of opinion that there is already a sufficient Jewish population in Palestine, and sets its face against the immigration of Jews. Orders have been received at Beyrout and Jaffa not to allow Jews to disembark, unless they are going as pilgrims to Jerusalem and give a formal undertaking not to remain in the Holy City. From this, it is plain that the problem is becoming a most difficult one to solve. In most European countries the Jews cannot hope to settle on account of the glut in the labour market. Now Palestine, which was supposed to be reserved for their race, is forbidden to them, and there seems to be only one place open to the Jews at present—the Argentine. This, again, may possibly be closed to them. Are the Jews destined to colonise Africa? It would almost seem to be the case, after all.

The Dutch Ministry resigned on July 8, and the Queen-Regent has had several consultations with M. Heemskerk, the former Prime Minister, on the subject of the formation of a new Cabinet. It is not known yet whether these consultations have had any result.

Her Majesty's ship Thrush sailed for England on July 13, from Halifax, with Prince George of Wales on board. On the Sunday evening the crew were ordered up on deck and informed that the Prince's cabin had been entered and his Royal Highness's watch stolen. The men all pleaded that they were innocent, and to a man declared themselves ready and willing to be searched. The watch was not found.

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OBITUARY.

GENERAL SIR ORFEUR CAVENAGH.

General Sir Orfeur Cavenagh, K.C.S.I., whose death occurred at his residence, St. Aubyns, Long Ditton, Surrey, July 7, was born Oct. 8, 1820, the son of Mr. James Gordon Cavenagh, by Anne, his wife, daughter of Mr. Odiarne Coates, of Green Court, Kent. This distinguished officer was educated at Addiscombe, and saw much service. He was in the Gwalior Campaign, at the battle of Maharajpore (severely wounded, left leg amputated, charger killed, mentioned in despatches, and bronze star); Sutlej campaign (action of Budeliwal, dangerously wounded, medal, and brevet-major); political charge of Nepalese Mission 1850; as military representative of Governor-General on Jan. 26, 1857, frustrated the design of the mutineers to seize Fort William, and throughout the Mutiny exercised the power of command over the garrison of Fort William and Calcutta, including the preservation of the peace of the city, the carrying out of all arrangements for the reception of troops arriving from England, and the supervision of the hospitals for the sick and wounded; performed the

duties of Governor of the Straits Settlements 1859 to 1867; received the thanks of the Governor-General of India, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the Secretary of State for India. Sir Orfeur married, Sept. 7, 1842, Elizabeth Marshall, daughter of Mr. James R. Moriarty.

THE DOWAGER LADY MONSON.

The Right Hon. Theodosia, Dowager Baroness Monson, died at Malvern Wells on July 3. Her Ladyship was born in 1803, the youngest daughter of Major Latham Blacker, of Newent, in the county of Gloucester, by Catherine, his wife, daughter of Colonel Maddison, of Lincolnshire. She married, June 21, 1832, Frederick John, fifth Baron Monson (who died on October 1841), but had no issue. The title of Monson is now merged in the Viscounty of Oxenbridge.

LADY FLORENCE ENID WYNDHAM QUIN.

Lady Florence Enid Wyndham Quin, whose death is announced, was the eldest daughter of the Earl of Dunraven and Mount-earl, by Florence Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Lord Charles Lennox Kerr, and had only just completed her twenty-first year, having been born June 13, 1870. Lord Dunraven has no

son, his issue consisting of three daughters, the eldest of whom was the young lady whose early death is so deeply deplored.

MR. CHARLES GURNEY.

Mr. Charles Gurney, D.L., of Trebursay, Cornwall, died at his residence, near Launceston, July 7. He was born in 1805, the son of the late Mr. Gregory Gurney, by Maria, his wife, daughter of the Rev. Walter Burne, of Lifton, Devon; married, in 1829, Maria, daughter of Dr. Croynndon Rowe, and sister of the late Sir W. C. Rowe, Chief Justice of Ceylon, and had issue. Mr. Gurney was a J.P. and D.L. for Cornwall, served as High Sheriff for that county in 1881, and was a Deputy Warden of Stannaries.

King George of Greece will take the waters at Aix-les-Bains, afterwards proceeding to Copenhagen, and on his return staying for some time in Berlin and Vienna.

The Duchess Adelaide of Schleswig, the mother of the Empress of Germany, arrived on July 11 at Potsdam on a visit to her second daughter, Princess Leopold of Prussia.

LYCEUM.—Saturday Morning, at Two, THE BELLS and NANCE OLDFIELD. Next Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights, RAVENSWOOD, Last Night of the Season, and Benefit of Miss Ellen Terry, Saturday Evening, July 25.—Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five, and during the performance.

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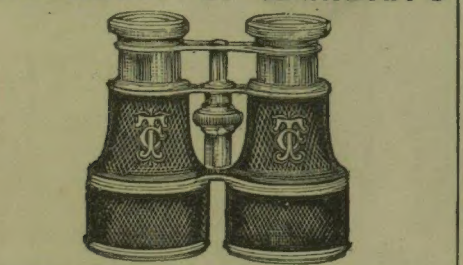
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Debility.—Mr. F. H. RUTLAND, Great Sheffield, Canals, writes, March 10, 1891: "It is with a feeling of deep gratitude that I write to let you know the good your Electropathic Belt has done me. I suffered with a very bad complaint, and had been doctoring for the last twelve months, but I am very glad to say your Belt has cured me, and if I was to say I owe my life to you it would only be doing justice."

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Mr. C. ADAMS (address on application) writes April 10, 1891: "On June 13, 1889, I purchased one of your special Electropathic Belts for strain in the back through riding, which caused me severe continual pain. I only wore the Belt for six weeks, and it quite cured me. About six months afterwards I also purchased one of your special Hernia appliances, which for comfort and support I have never found its equal—in fact, the Hernia has disappeared under its influence. I shall always be ready to answer any inquiries respecting the treatment I have undergone. I may add, my occupation necessitates a great deal of hunting and rough riding, and I found the appliances most useful as well as perfectly safe."

"A Marvellous Result."

Lumbago.—(Major) C. HET, 69, Rue St. Vincent, Antwerp, writes, March 29, 1891: "I am happy to send you my best thanks for the Electropathic Belt you have procured me. I received it the day before yesterday, at 9 a.m., being crippled with lumbago, in an armchair. I put it on immediately. An hour afterwards I was able to get up and sit down without catching hold of the armchair, and at night I could undress and lay myself down. Yesterday I walked easily, and worked a little with a shovel in the garden, and to-day I am completely recovered from the lumbago that distressed me. It is indeed a marvellous result. Meanwhile, I have read with great interest your pamphlet on the Mild Currents, and remain with kind regards."

IT CURES
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"After Suffering for Years."

Sciatica.—"To colonists visiting the old country and others that are suffering with Sciatica, I, the undersigned, a colonial resident for thirty years, am most happy to say that one of Mr. Harnesse's Electropathic Belts has cured me of Sciatica after suffering pain for years. I consider the Belts worth ten times the money."—Lewis J. GODFREY, Esq., Sculptor, Chestnut Villa, Broadrick Road, Upper Tooting, March 3, 1891.

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Pains in the Back.—Miss M. SANDWELL, 9, Seiborne Villas, Manningham, Bradford, writes, March 15, 1891: "I am pleased to say that since wearing your Electropathic Belt my health is much better, and I have not felt any pain in my back, nor so much of the bearing-down pain. I am also glad to say I have not had a sick headache. I feel very thankful indeed that I procured this Belt, and shall be pleased to recommend it to others."

"Relief from Pain."

Nervous Exhaustion.—Mrs. S. CAREY, Ronceval, Guernsey, writes, March 2, 1891: "Since wearing your Electropathic Abdominal Belt for Nervous Exhaustion and sharp pains in the back through the region of the groin, I find that my general health has greatly improved, and during the first week I experienced feelings of buoyancy and elasticity, as well as relief from pain. You are quite welcome to make use of this testimony as you think fit."

It Cures HYSTERIA.

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Rheumatism.—Miss H. M. GOWAN, 2, Keyford Terrace, Frome, writes, March 14, 1891: "You will remember that on August 2, 1889, I came to you as a great sufferer from Rheumatism (for over twelve years), and you recommended an Electropathic Belt, which I purchased, and wore for nearly a year, with wonderful results. I was then again troubled with bad attacks, when I wrote to you in July 1890, and asked if you would recommend a stronger Belt, which you did, and I purchased a No. 4, which I have worn daily up to six weeks ago, with the greatest possible benefit, having had no bad attack throughout the time, even though the winter was most severe. I am so well that people think I am a 'perfect wonder!' I have recommended it to my friends far and near, and I could mention several who are wearing Electropathic Belts now, and who could not be without them."

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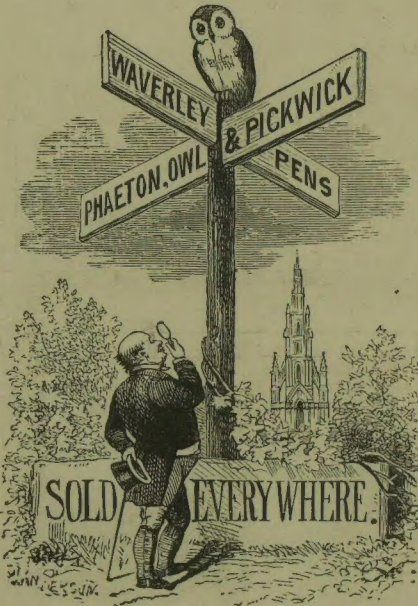
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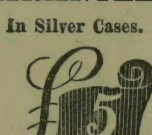
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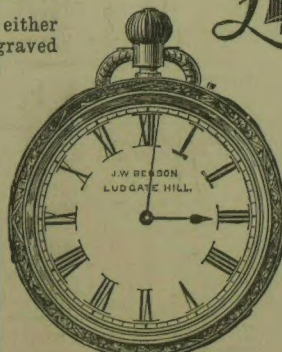
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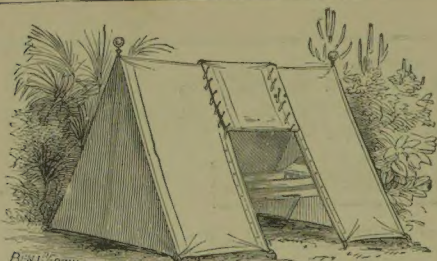
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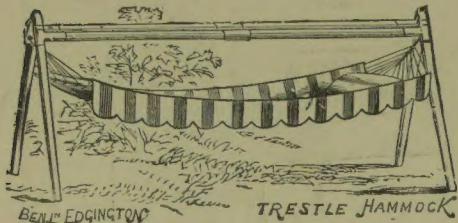
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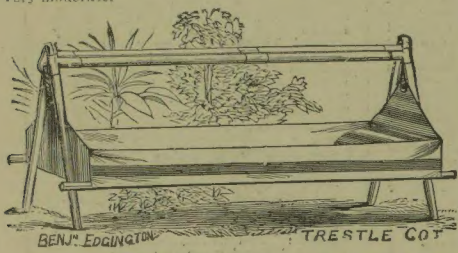


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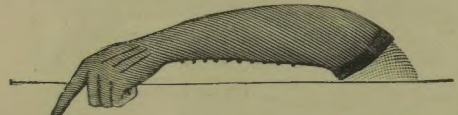
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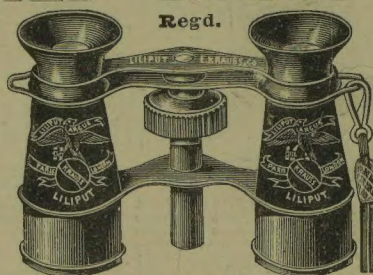


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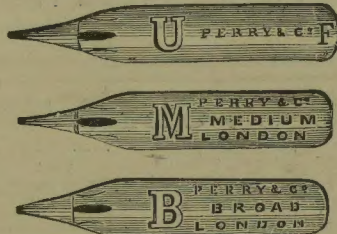
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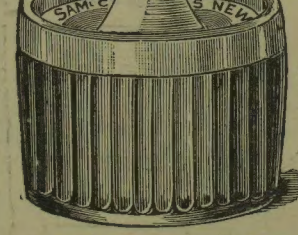
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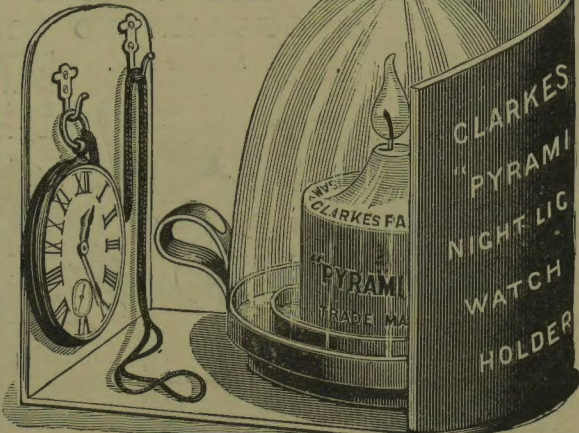
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